LIFE INTERNATIONAL

SPECIAL ISSUE

VACATIONERS' EUROPE

Neuschwanstein Castle perches atop a Bavarian hill

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Vol. 35, No. 3 August 12, 1963

Special Issue LIFE INTERNATIONAL Vacationers' Europe

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CONTENTS

Cover

ROMANTIC CASTLE. Many-spired Neuschwanstein Castle sits atop a hill in Bavaria near Füssen.

Life Guide 5

WHAT'S GOING ON IN EUROPE. The LIFE International Guide describes musical, historical and artistic events during August and September.

Sightseers' Panorama 16

THE LOVELY LAND. A panorama of 14 pages in color demonstrates that sightseeing is an art in itself.

Europe's Flavor 30

PARIS. For the atmosphere few tourists see, LIFE's Alfred Eisenstaedt takes his camera through the lesser-known quarters of Paris. Photographed for LIFE International by Alfred Eisenstaedt.

Fishing 41

BAVARIA'S WILY TROUT. Some of the best fishing in the world is still available in the rushing streams of Bavaria. By Charles Thayer.

Vacationers' Greece 44

THE SERENE ISLES. The Aegean lures thousands to relaxation and discovery. Photographed for LIFE by Dmitri Kessel.

City of Talk 64

DUBLIN. Ireland's capital is notable for its loquacious Dubliners. By Dominic Behan.

Noble Family 70

THE HOHENZOLLERNS. Among the noble families who make Europe's history come alive, the Hohenzollerns live a modern life filled with reminders of a colorful past. Photographed for LIFE International by Alfred Eisenstaedt.

Travel Tip 85

PERIPATETIC PET. Clarence, a much-traveled whippet, provides some tips for those who want to take their dogs on vacation. By Alice Higgins.

Vacationers' Lament 91

TRAFFIC. Europe's auto traffic has reached the point where a driving vacation is more trouble than fun. A U.S. traffic expert offers some advice.

Live like a King 99

EUROPE'S CASTLES. A guide to the castles and châteaux where you can stay as a paying guest.

Preview 104

IN THE NEXT ISSUE: The Human Body, Part IV: How our senses work . . . Rare pictures of great whale's great leaps . . . A close look at Kennedy's newest and strongest rival: Barry Goldwater.

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COVER—DUNCAN EDWARDS from FREE-LANCE PHOTOGRAPHERS GUILD
16, 17—BRIAN SEED, DMITRI KESSEL
18, 19—RALPH CRANE
20, 21—FARRELL GREHAN
22, 23—ERNST HAAS from MAGNUM
24—MARVIN E. NEWMAN
25—RALPH CRANE from BLACK STAR
26—ELIOT ELISOFON
27—N. R. FARBMAN
28, 29—MARK KAUFFMAN for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
41, 42, 43—DAN WEINER
61—RICHARD MEEK
75—t. CULVER PICTURES
79—LOOMIS DEAN
85, 86—drawings by JOHN EVERDS
91—RALPH CRANE
92, 93—STEVE SHAPIRO from BLACK STAR, U.P.I.—map by ELMER SMITH
94, 95—lt. WALTER SANDERS—© DAILY HERALD; rt. DUFOTO
99—GERRY CRANHAM
100—WILFRIED EHRLICH
102—KESTER-BAVARIA
103—DUNCAN EDWARDS from FREE-LANCE PHOTOGRAPHERS GUILD
104—JOHN DOMINIS

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EDITORS' NOTE

The Private Turns General

Clicking the shutter is the least important thing a photographer does, Alfred Eisenstaedt often tells young colleagues who aspire to his own expertise. And clicking with people is the most important. "Eisie" clicked immediately with the Hohenzollerns, as his pictures for the Great Families of Europe series (*pp. 70–81*) attest. It helped, no doubt, that Alfred Eisenstaedt and the Hohenzollerns had an old, if tenuous, relationship: "Eisie" was born in Dirschau, West Prussia, in what is now part of Poland, and as little more than a boy served Prince Louis Ferdinand's grandfather, Kaiser Wilhelm II, as an artilleryman in World War I, acquiring an Iron Cross and wounds in both legs. ("Eisie" proudly displays the scars, says they saved his life, because every other man in his battery was killed.) "The Americans took him away from us," Louis Ferdinand complained, recalling, as he introduced our photographer to guests, that "Eisie" was already famous (as a photographer of Hitler, Goebbels, Goering and Mussolini) when he left Germany in 1935 to come to the U.S. and join TIME Inc. (He has been on the staff of LIFE since the magazine was established in 1936.) "Eisie" found the Hohenzollerns cooperative. "I was only a private in the army, but I'm a five-star general on an assignment," he says. "Princess Kira made everybody pay attention to my orders." Even, it seems, the young princes and princesses, who saw no good reason why "Eisie" or anybody else should want to photograph them at first, but eventually capitulated to the photographer's personality.

'EISIE' AND HOHENZOLLERNS

'EISIE' THE ARTILLERYMAN

Even more resistant than young royalty—at first—were the Parisians (*pp. 30–39*) whom Eisenstaedt went to photograph after leaving his Hohenzollern friends. (Most photographers covet a single byline in LIFE, but Eisenstaedt has an unprecedented *two* bylines in this issue of LIFE International.) "I've been to Paris a number of times," says Eisenstaedt, "but always when I was busy with a story that wasn't *about* Paris, as Paris. This time I could see Paris the way that I wanted to see it." The resulting photographs indicate that "Eisie" clicked with Parisians as well as with Hohenzollerns. Nobody here at LIFE is surprised. Eisenstaedt's assignments for LIFE now total almost 1,700. But he always clicks.

THE EDITORS

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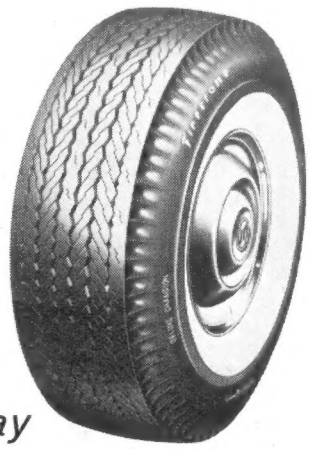

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A LIFE Guide to the Arts

GREAT BRITAIN

Festivals: Edinburgh, embarking on its 17th season (Aug. 18–Sept. 7), is well established as one of the world's leading festivals. Musically the emphasis this year will be on the major works of Hector Berlioz contrasted with music of Béla Bartók. The festival will hear première performances of *Concerto for Orchestra* by Tippett and *Eight Instrumental Miniatures* by Stravinsky (Aug. 28) and a previously unperformed work by Gershwin (Aug. 29). Naples' Teatro San Carlo makes its first appearance in Scotland with Verdi's *Luisa Miller* (King's Theatre, Aug. 26, 28, 31; Sept. 4), Cilèa's *Adriana Lecouvreur* (Aug. 27, 30; Sept. 2, 6) and Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* (Aug. 29, Sept. 3, 5). Drama includes the world première of *The Unshaven Cheek* by Ray (*Summer of the 17th Doll*) Lawler (Lyceum Theatre, Aug. 19–24, with matinees Aug. 21, 24); the first performance in Britain of Ionesco's new play, *Exit the King* (Lyceum, Sept. 2–7, with matinees Sept. 4, 7), and the first performance of Roland Duncan's translation of Martin Walser's *The Rabbit Race*, the German version of which was hailed in Berlin last year as a new kind of post-Brechtian satire (Assembly Hall, Aug. 19–31, with matinees on Aug. 20, 24, 27, 31). From Sept. 2–7 the Chichester production of Shaw's *St. Joan*, with Joan Plowright, can be seen at the Assembly Hall. Highlights of Edinburgh's ballet program will be Martha Graham and her dance company at the Empire Theatre(Aug. 26–31, with matinees Aug. 28, 31).

A spectacular event is the military tattoo on the esplanade of Edinburgh Castle. Between Aug. 16 and Sept. 7 there will be 28 performances. At the International Film Festival, which takes place concurrently with the Edinburgh Festival, 150 films from about 40 countries will have first showings.

The new and much talked-about festival of Chichester, 62 miles from London, continues until the end of August with the Joan Plowright *St. Joan*, John Arden's new play, *The Workhouse Donkey* and last year's much-praised production of *Uncle Vanya*, with Olivier, Redgrave and Sybil Thorndike. Fine train service makes possible a visit from London to the Gothic cathedral and to an afternoon or evening performance in one day.

The Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales will be held Aug. 5–10 at Llandudno, Carnarvonshire. It is a competitive festival of music, drama, literature and arts, but its chief glory is the singing of the Welsh choirs.

At Glyndebourne from Aug. 1–18, when the festival ends, a new production of *The Magic Flute* by Franco Enriquez (first night, July 19) will be in repertory with a revival of the 1953 production of *The Rake's Progress*.

Opera and Ballet: The Royal Opera House is closed during August. The opera season opens Sept. 11 with Hans Hotter's new production of *Götterdämmerung* conducted by Georg Solti. Birgit Nilsson will sing Brunhilde, Wolfgang Windgassen, Siegfried. Other performances are on Sept. 14, 16, 19. The ballet season opens Sept. 17 with a revival of *La Fille Mal Gardée* with the original cast (Nerina, Blair and Grant). The Sadler's Wells opera opens Sept. 12 with a new production of Glen Byam Shaw of Weber's *Der Freischütz* conducted by Colin Davis.

Open Air: On a fine evening a visit to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (July 17–Aug. 31) in the open-air theater in Regent's Park is highly recommended. A good cold supper can be had in the wine tent.

At the Tower of London an ambitious *son et lumière* spectacle can be seen nightly until the end of August.

Art: At New London Gallery from July 9–Aug. 31, Francis Bacon and Henry Moore have a joint show of 1962–63 works. From July 11 to Aug. 18 the Tate will hold a major retrospective exhibition of Ivon Hitchens, an artist whose inspiration comes from the Sussex countryside where he lives. The Redfern Gallery summer exhibition (to Sept. 26) provides a cross-section of European art and a collector's paradise with a crowded show of works by over 200 artists. The Royal Academy summer exhibition closes on Aug. 18. A permanent but changing exhibition of treasures from the royal collection can be seen at the Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace, from 11 to 5 Tuesday through Saturday.

Theater: The three plays that make up Peter Hall's Royal Shakespeare Theatre Company production of the history sequence, *The Wars of the Roses*, are to join the Stratford-upon-Avon season later than originally scheduled. The first performance of *Henry VI* and *Edward IV* opened July 17, and *Richard III* will open on Aug. 20. On Aug. 22, 31 and Sept. 5, 14 all three plays will be performed in a single day, morning, afternoon and evening. In London, the Royal Shakespeare Company at the Aldwych will alternate a revival of Peter Hall's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with a new production by Peter Wood of John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera* throughout August and until Sept. 21.

FRANCE

Festivals: The Menton Music Festival (Aug. 1–16) this year will be a kind of Isaac Stern festival, with the violinist playing an imposing series of programs. Aug. 16 Gaby and Robert Casadesus play, four hands on one piano, works of Debussy, Mozart and Schubert.

Vichy stages an August-long festival of operetta, light opera and ballet.

Besançon holds its 16th International Festival Sept. 5–15. The distinguished program includes Soprano Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, singing works by Mozart, Schubert, Schumann and Hugo Wolf Sept. 8; and Besançon's 13th International Competition for Conductors Sept. 10, 11.

Chartres continues its Samedis Musicaux, Saturdays at 9 p.m., in the lovely Salle Italienne of the Chartres Museum.

In Paris, August, of course, is the least festive of months. Most theaters are closed (one exception is the Vieux Colombier, which is presenting Federico Garcia Lorca's *Noces de Sang*) and theater-goers have to fall back on such frivolous fare as the Lido's *Suivez-moi*, Paris' best night-club spectacle; the Folies Bergère's *Folies Chéries*, and cancan goings-on at the Bal du Moulin Rouge.

BELGIUM

Festivals: Seaside resorts become the center of Belgian cultural life in August, and Ostend—one of the most lively—holds an International Summer Festival, in a sumptuous seaside casino, that lasts until the end of August. Its fare includes theater and all kinds of music from classical to pop, jazz and French *chansonniers*.

August is also a month of many Belgian religious festivals with colorful processions, especially in fishing towns and seaside resorts, culminating in the "blessing of the sea."

NETHERLANDS

Music: At the Kurhaus in Scheveningen, the Residentie Orchestra of The Hague will be conducted Aug. 5 by Seiji Ozawa; the Netherlands Opera will give *Rigoletto* Aug. 24 and *Cavalleria Rusticana* Aug. 29; the string orchestra of Moscow's Bolshoi Theater will give a concert Aug. 19, and the Israel Dance Group performs Aug. 6.

Theater: The Netherlands Comedy Group puts on Jean Kerr's *Mary Mary* Aug. 19–29 and Euripides' *Trojan Women* Aug. 26 in Amsterdam. The Centrum Company performs Alexandre Rivemal's *Le Mobile* Sept. 2–30 in Amsterdam and Philip Levene's thriller *Kill Two Birds* Sept. 7 in Haarlem. The Studio Company does Clavel's *All Is Black in the Sun* Sept. 18–30 in Amsterdam. The Ensemble Company stages Shakespeare's *As You Like It* Aug. 7–25 in theaters throughout the country, including open-air playhouses, performs P. A. Bréal's *La Grande Oreille* Sept. 8 in Eindhoven and Reinhard Raffalt's *Der Nachfolger* Sept. 13 in Tilburg.

Art: Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum is showing during August and September drawings of Dutch masters, including Rembrandt and Ruysdael. The Municipal Museum in the same city presents an exhibit of 150 years of Dutch art. At the Municipal Museum, The Hague, an exhibition of Kandinsky's paintings continues through Sept. 1. The Kröller-Müller Gallery in Otterlo shows Aztec stone sculptures from Mexico Aug. 3–Sept. 14. The Boymans-Van Beuningen Museum in Rotterdam is exhibiting paintings, gouaches and drawings of the Italian Gino Severini through Sept. 1. The Frans Hals Gallery in Haarlem will be open evenings through Sept. 8.

GERMANY

Festivals: The Munich Festival (Aug. 11–Sept. 6) is a magnet for music lovers. Its highlight is Mozart produced in the exquisite Cuvilliés Theater.

Hanover's Herrenhausen Festival (through Sept. 15) features delightful baroque ballet performances in the baroque, candlelit castle hall every evening from Aug. 15 through 20.

Eutin, an hour's drive from Hamburg, holds a festival (through Aug. 17) remarkable for its attractive open-air stage and fine operatic cast.

The Augsburg Festival (through Sept. 1) boasts impressive open-air performances too, at the ancient city wall at Freilichtbühne am Roten Tor.

Art: A selection of masterpieces of more than 50 world-renowned 20th Century artists is being displayed in Darmstadt's Mathildenhoehe in a show titled Manifestations of "Angst" in Modern Art. Munich's Bayerisches Nationalmuseum, until Sept. 8, has a magnificent collection of 18th Century Nymphenburg porcelain, devoted to the work of Franz Anton Bustelli on the 200th anniversary of his death. Brunswick's Staedtisches Museum, until Sept. 1, displays 2,000 years of glass from Persia. Munich's Völkerkundemuseum, from Aug. 10 to Oct. 10 presents a show of Siamese art. Mannheim's Kunsthalle, from Sept. 7 to Oct. 6, is showing the 40-picture Grandma Moses collection which is touring Germany and Austria. Heidelberg's famous castle, until Oct. 15, has a charming exhibition called England and Kurpfalz, illustrating 17th Century European court life. The show is dedicated to Elizabeth Stuart, granddaughter of Mary Stuart, who married a German prince 350 years ago and lived in the castle before the royal couple had to flee abroad. Throughout their tumultuous exile, the family was surrounded by famous painters, including Van Dyck and Honthorst, whose paintings of Queen Elizabeth and her family have been lent for exhibition by the British royal family, old German families, the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam, Haarlem's Franz Hals Museum, The Louvre and other museums.

CONTINUED

Music: Summer brings Germany an abundance of concerts which combine beauty of setting with quality of performance. Among the most popular are these: Herrenchiemsee Castle, on an island in the Upper Bavarian Chiemsee, an hour's trip from Munich, presents Mozart and Haydn chamber music every Saturday until Sept. 21. The lush Bavarian imperial castle is illuminated with 4,000 candles. Concert-going can be combined with a promenade through the magnificent castle gardens and a boat ride on the Chiemsee. In Munich, two serenade concerts are performed in the beautiful courtyard of Cuvilliés Theater by the Chamber Music Orchestra of the Bavarian State Opera. Heidelberg stages Bach evenings in the castle's courtyard on Aug. 15 and Sept. 11, 19, 26, with the Heidelberg Chamber Music Orchestra. In the medieval setting of Nuremberg's Heilig-Geist-Spital, ambitious musical evenings are presented Aug. 10 (masterworks from baroque to classicism), Aug. 17 (music by Georg Philipp Telemann), Aug. 31 (Ibert, Pierné, Vivaldi, Haydn and Mozart). Schloss Leitheim, on the Donautalstrasse near Donauwörth, is the scene of chamber music evenings in a candlelit rococo castle hall that are worth a detour through the lovely pre-alpine scenery. Schloss Brühl, site of glamorous state receptions near Cologne, presents chamber music concerts.

AUSTRIA

Festivals: Salzburg's Festival (through Aug. 31) is so popular that if you haven't your tickets by now you will probably find them hard to get. Highlights are: Richard Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier* conducted by Herbert von Karajan (July 31; Aug. 10, 29) and *Il Trovatore*, sung in Italian, also conducted by Von Karajan, Aug. 13, 16, 27, 30. Drama highlights are Goethe's *Faust*, Part II and the Salzburg Festival's mainstay, Hugo von Hofmannsthal's *Everyman*, staged by Helene Thiemig.

In Bad Ischl operettas by Lehár, Kálmám and Johann Strauss, will be performed through Aug. 29.

Bregenz, on the Constance, one of Europe's longest and loveliest lakes, stages a music festival through Aug. 19. Its most charming productions are *Banditenstreiche* by Franz von Suppé (Aug. 2, 6, 7, 10, 15, 17, 18) and Léo Delibes' ballet *Sylvia*, Aug. 3, 9, 14.

Art: The monastery and abbey of Altenburg, an hour and a half from Vienna, is showing through October a baroque exhibit, centering on the work of Paul Troger, one of Austria's foremost painters of baroque murals. Schloss Greillenstein, in Lower Austria, shows works of the Austrian Renaissance, through October, in the beautiful setting of a castle. A half hour's drive from Altenburg, and an hour from Vienna, in the Abbey Goettweig, an exhibit of baroque etchings is being held through October.

Folk Festivals: They include: Muehlviertler Volksfest, Freistadt, Upper Austria, Aug. 8–18; Fest des Weinviertels at Hollabrunn, Lower Austria, Aug. 14–18, and Wachauer Volksfest, Krems, Lower Austria, Aug. 24–Sept. 1. Volksfest consisting of markets with booths full of souvenirs, wine and sausages; parades in local costumes and folk dances at night are a not-yet-overcommercialized attraction. On Aug. 18 in Mauterndorf, Salzburg, "Samson," a nine-foot-high statue of a giant, is carried about the village in a procession of hazy origin. In Innsbruck's Bierstindl restaurant the Pradler Ritterspiele, perhaps the most famous of all Austrian lay theaters, holds forth through August with plays in which farmers caricature the life of knights and troubadours.

PORTUGAL

Festivals: Guimarãis, medieval city in northwest Minho province, explodes nightly with fireworks (Aug. 3–5) that spice a program of allegorical plays and folk dancing. At Terras do Bouro, the Pilgrimage of Saint Benoit of the Open Door (Aug. 10–15) is a lively and picturesque display of traditional costumes, singing and dancing. Lovers of country fairs will find a colorful one at Estremoz, near Lisbon (Sept. 1–3). Some of the best Portuguese folk dancing enhances Lamego's city fair (Sept. 6–8) during the Pilgrimage of Our Lady of Remedies.

Music: Cintra, the lovely mountain resort near Lisbon, offers a festival of music, theater and ballet (Aug. 15–30) that attracts leading performers.

SPAIN

Festivals: It's probably too late to get reservations at Malaga, where one of the liveliest fiestas of them all ends Aug. 5, but there is plenty of consolation elsewhere. San Sebastian's big doings (Aug. 11–18) include regattas and aquatic sports as well as classical ballet, *flamenco* dancing, and first-rate *corridas*. El Escorial, ancient city of Spanish kings, will celebrate the Fiesta of San Lorenzo (Aug. 10–15) with a carnival, *corridas*, *flamenco* and regional dancing, and fun for the children. Torrevieja (Alicante) will display its floral and feminine beauties in the annual parade of floats that accompanies the Aug. 10–15 festivities. Torremolinos, on the Costa del Sol, is gay with *corridas*, dancing in the streets and an informal outdoor exhibition of humans from all Europe, Britain and the U.S. in native garb (Aug. 27–30). Ronda, the storied city on the plateau near Malaga, boasts breath-taking views of mountains and plain the year round, and adds spirited singing matches, *flamenco* and the most Goyaesque bullfights in its festival (Sept. 8–10). And for those who are ready to get away from it all, there is harvest time at Jerez de la Frontera, when the grapes are blessed (Sept. 7–10) and the harvest moon shines on streets lined with orange trees.

Music: Santander's XII International Festival of Music (Aug. 10–Sept. 4) offers concerts, recitals, ballet and opera with some of Europe's greatest. Torrevieja (Alicante) offers a guitar recital by José Tordesillas Aug. 13 and Cadiz presents Pilar López in Spanish ballet Aug. 1–3.

Theater: Cadiz will perform works of Lope de Vega Aug. 17–19.

SWEDEN

Theater: A first-time English-language production of Hjalmar Bergman's Shavian comedy *Strange Opportunity* at Stockholm's Alléteatern (Aug. 1–15) provides a rare opportunity for the visitor to become acquainted with the Swedish stage.

Opera: Well worth the steamer trip from the quay adjoining Stockholm's City Hall are the productions at Drottningholm's 18th Century Court Theater, with the theater's original settings and with the musicians in period costumes and wigs. Performances Aug. 6, 9, 13, 16, 20, 23, 27, 30; Sept. 6, 10. Regular season at Royal Opera House in Stockholm starts Aug. 17.

Spectacles: On the Baltic island of Gotland, the mystic pageant-opera *Petrus de Dacia*, which relates the story of a monk's love for a nun, is presented in the ruins of St. Nicholas' Church in Visby with a cast that includes islanders and members of the Stockholm Royal Opera. Performances, Aug. 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 11. Women should take coats along: the ruins often are chilly at night. At Skansen, Stockholm's park-and-outdoor-museum, a 19th Century town comes to life (Aug. 1, 8); old shops, including a bakery, a bindery, printing and glassblowing establishments, will operate and will sell their products, while costumed musicians, puppeteers and actors perform in the street. New this year.

NORWAY

Folklore: At Geilo, in mid-Norway on Bergen-Oslo Railway (four hours by train from Oslo and six from Bergen), the traditional folk wedding in national costume is held Aug. 3, 4 with a horse-drawn procession from the old stave church to the museum, where the wedding feast is held. Fiddlers and dancers perform, and all tourists are welcome to join the wedding party and dance one of Europe's oldest dances, the Halling. There are festivals also in Voss and Oppheim, in Western Norway, every Tuesday and Wednesday in September.

Fairs and Exhibitions: The Scandinavian Design Cavalcade is held in Oslo Aug. 23–Sept. 15, with displays of arts and crafts and home furnishing in 20 shops in Oslo center. Aug. 21–Sept. 1, Scandinavia's greatest flower shop occupies Oslo's great new exhibition hall.

Festivals: Aug. 1–4 an international jazz festival will be held in Molde, on the west coast. Aug. 12–17 there will be an international fishing festival off Stavanger on west coast. Tourists may hire boats and compete. Aug. 3–11 Mo, a small city just below the Arctic Circle, holds an Arctic Festival, with a program that goes on night and day all week.

Sport: Aug. 19–25 the European Rifle Shooting Championship is held in Oslo, with 100 competitors from 20 nations. Norway faces Romania (Aug. 27, 28) and Germany (Sept. 14, 15) in athletic competition in Oslo. Scandinavia's best horses meet at Övre Voll, near Oslo, Aug. 18 for the Norwegian Derby and again Sept. 1 for the Oslo Cup.

DENMARK

Theater: Hofmannsthal's *Everyman* will be performed Aug. 2–11 by amateurs at ancient Nyborg Castle.

Sports: Aug. 3–11 the Fédération International des Camping Clubs holds its 24th International Rally and Congress at Bellahøj Exhibition Grounds in Copenhagen, with 4,000 participants. Aug. 19–24 the International Sea Angling Festival is held at Mommark in South Jutland. Aug. 23–25 the International Horse Show takes place in the park of Bernstorff Castle in a Copenhagen suburb. It will include the European Championship in dressage.

FINLAND

One of the most unusual theatrical productions in the world can be seen at Tampere, a two-and-a-half-hour drive northwest of Helsinki. There, in an open-air theater that is an architectural masterpiece, *The Unknown Soldier*, by Vaino Linna, a story of Finnish soldiers in World War II, is performed Aug. 1–20. The countryside is the stage, and tanks roll across it; the entire amphitheater, including the audience, revolves. The play is in Finnish, but synopses are provided in various languages.

CONTINUED

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SWITZERLAND

Festivals: Lucerne's Music Festival is the 25th of the series and to mark the jubilee it has been extended to a full month. The program includes a Beethoven cycle of seven concerts in which all of Beethoven's piano trios, violin sonatas and sonatas and variations for cello and piano will be played. The trios will be performed Aug. 16, 18 by Isaac Stern, Eugene Istomin and Leonard Rose; the sonatas on Aug. 27, 29, Sept. 3 by Zino Francescatti and Robert Casadesus, and the sonatas and variations on Sept. 5, 9 by Pierre Fournier and Friedrich Gulda.

Montreux-Vevey holds its Musical September from Sept. 1–Oct. 4, with three orchestras, the National Philharmonic of Warsaw, the Orchestre National de la Radio-Télévision Française, and the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, and two choruses, the National Philharmonic of Warsaw and the Chœur de la Radio Romande. Soloists include Pianists Artur Rubinstein, Alexander Brailowsky, Eugene Istomin and Robert Casadesus; Violinists Isaac Stern, Zino Francescatti, Nathan Milstein and Leonid Kogan, Cellist Pierre Fournier and Singer Grace Bumbry.

Gstaad is the scene of the seventh Yehudi Menuhin Festival, with eight concerts Aug. 5–19 in the Church of Saanen, featuring Menuhin and his sister Hephzibah and a number of other talented performers, including Nadia Boulanger, with Zurich's Chamber Orchestra.

Art: In Zurich, a collection of graphic art by Goya and Piranesi is on exhibit through Sept. 15 at the Federal Institute of Technology, and the Galerie Daniel Keel has, through Sept. 11, a show called *The Woman* and consisting of graphics of Amiet, Maillol, Goya and others.

ITALY

Art: Venice's Doge's Palace houses a magnificent show of Carpaccio until Oct. 6. In Turin the Palazzo Reale, the Stupinigi Shooting Lodge and the Palazzo Madama are jointly staging, until the end of October, an enormous exhibit devoted to all aspects of Piedmont baroque art. In Bergamo the Palazzo della Ragione exhibits through Oct. 6 a priceless collection of old drawings and prints from the Accademia Carrara. Bessano del Grappa, in the Veneto region of Northern Italy, presents an exhibition from Aug. 4–Nov. 10, of 50 paintings by the 17th Century Venetian landscape painter Marco Ricci. The show is in the Palazzo Sturm.

Music: Rome's open-air opera performances in the Baths of Caracalla include: *Tosca*, Aug. 1, 4, 8, 13; *Aida*, Aug. 5, 10, 17, 22, 27, 31; *Carmen*, Aug. 3, 7, 18; *Il Trovatore*, Aug. 25, 29, Sept. 1. Open-air symphony concerts will be presented in the ruins of the Basilica of Maxentius on Aug. 2, 6, 9, 13 by the St. Cecilia Orchestra. Open-air symphony concerts will be held in the courtyard of Florence's Pitti Palace Aug. 1, 4, 6, 8, 11, 14, 18, 22, 29, and a concert by the Florentine Complex of Ancient Music will be presented in the courtyard of the Bargello Sept. 5. Verona's great Roman amphitheater makes a fine setting for outdoor opera in August. *Aida* will be performed Aug. 1, 4, 8, 11, 14, 17; *La Gioconda*, Aug. 2, 7, 10, 15, 18, and *Lohengrin* Aug. 3, 6, 9, 13, 16.

Theater and Films: In the Roman Theater at Ostia Antica, a half-hour's drive from Rome, a troupe from Athens' Peraikon Theatron plays Aeschylus' *Eumenides* Aug. 1, 2; Euripides' *Medea* Aug. 3; Sophocles' *Elektra* Aug. 4. The Venice Film Festival opens Aug. 24 with competing films shown daily until Sept. 7.

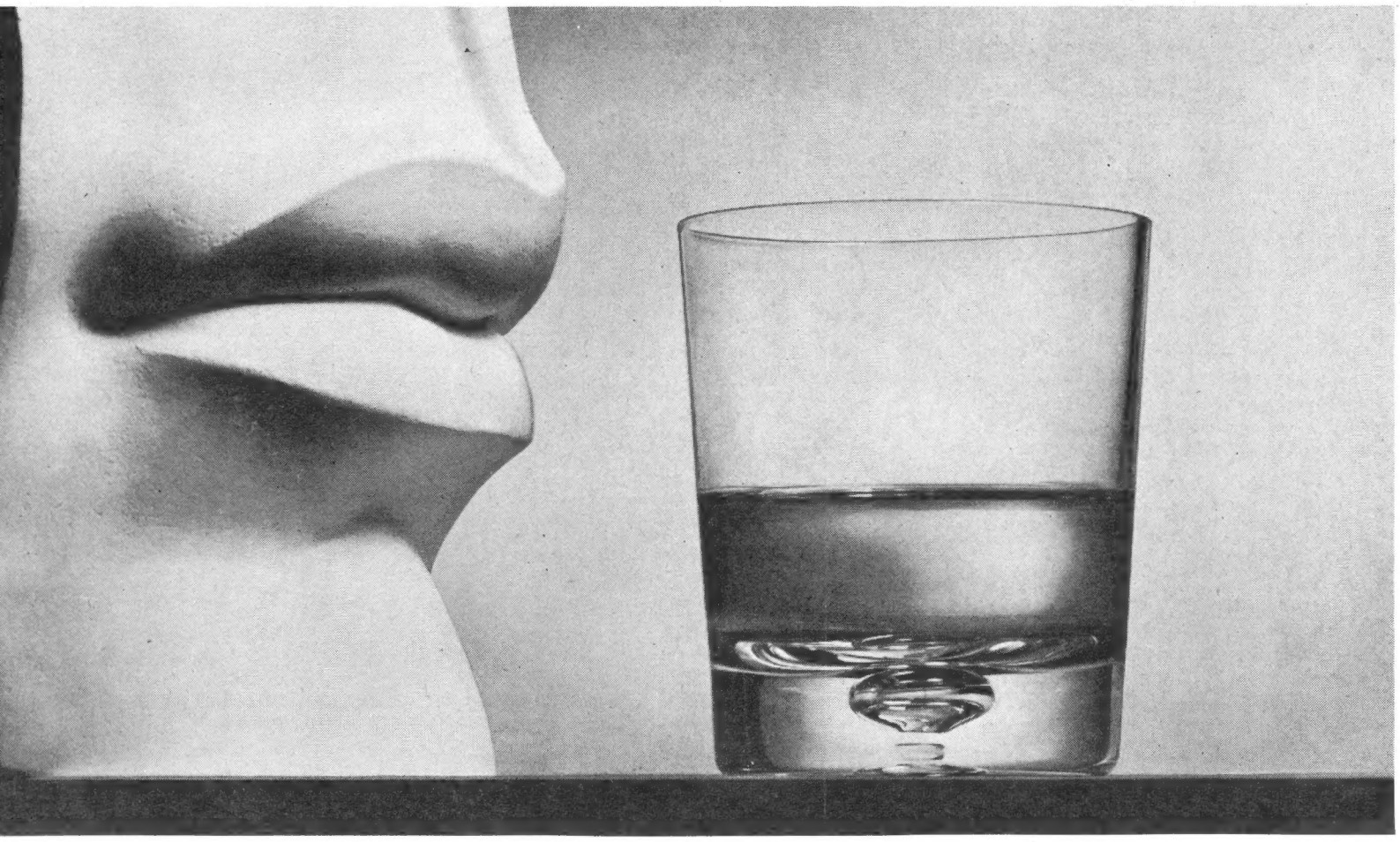
Folklore: Siena's Palio, that mad horse race around the town's medieval square, is run Aug. 16. At Marostica, near Vicenza, a huge chess game is played Sept. 7, 8 by costumed citizens in memory of an ancient legend. The Joust of the Saracen, a tournament in which costumed horsemen joust with automata symbolizing Saracen invaders, is held in Arezzo Sept. 1. Venice's *Fresco Notturno* water procession on Grand Canal is held the night of Aug. 17. The Venice Regatta takes place Sept. 1.

Warning to tourists: *On Italy's Ferragosto holiday, Aug. 15, 16, towns are shut down, beaches and roads are jammed.*

IRELAND

Festivals: Principal social and sporting event of the year in Ireland, the Royal Dublin Society's Horse Show (Aug. 6–10) is perhaps the friendliest of its kind anywhere and draws as many as 120,000 spectators from all the world to see international teams compete for the Aga Khan Cup. In the Festival of Kerry (Sept. 1–7), at Tralee, colleens from America and Britain as well as Ireland compete for the Rose of Tralee Crown. The unique Waterford Festival of Light Opera, Waterford (Sept. 6–23) attracts competitors from England and Wales as well as Ireland. At Galway's Oyster Festival (Sept. 13, 14), the mayor opens the season's first oyster, then all hands turn to feasting. Cork's International Film Festival (Sept. 15–22) is a friendly affair where producers, directors and stars talk shop with serious visitors.

Sports: The All-Ireland Hurling Finals (Sept. 1) in Dublin's Croke Park provide a splendid opportunity to see "the world's fastest field game."



DETAIL FROM A HEAD BY MICHELANGELO

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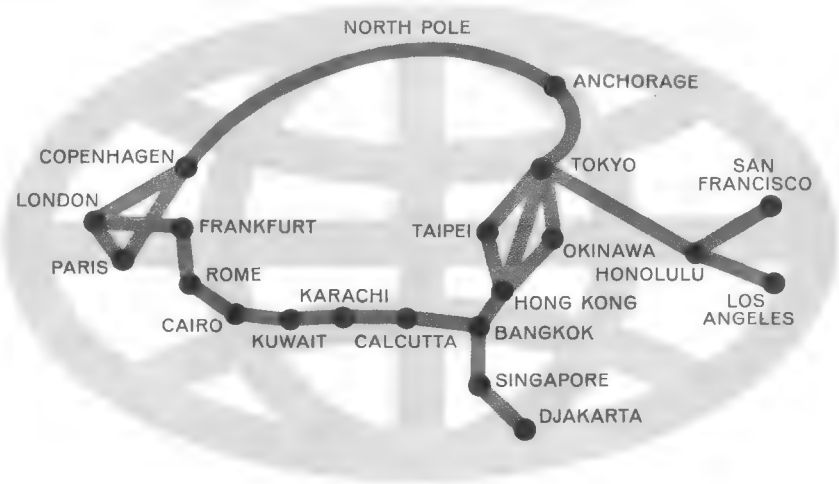

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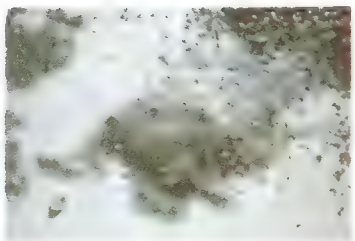

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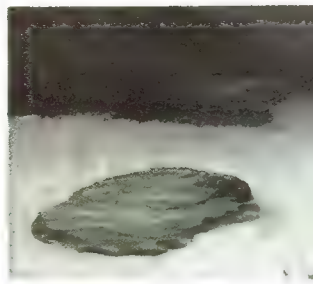

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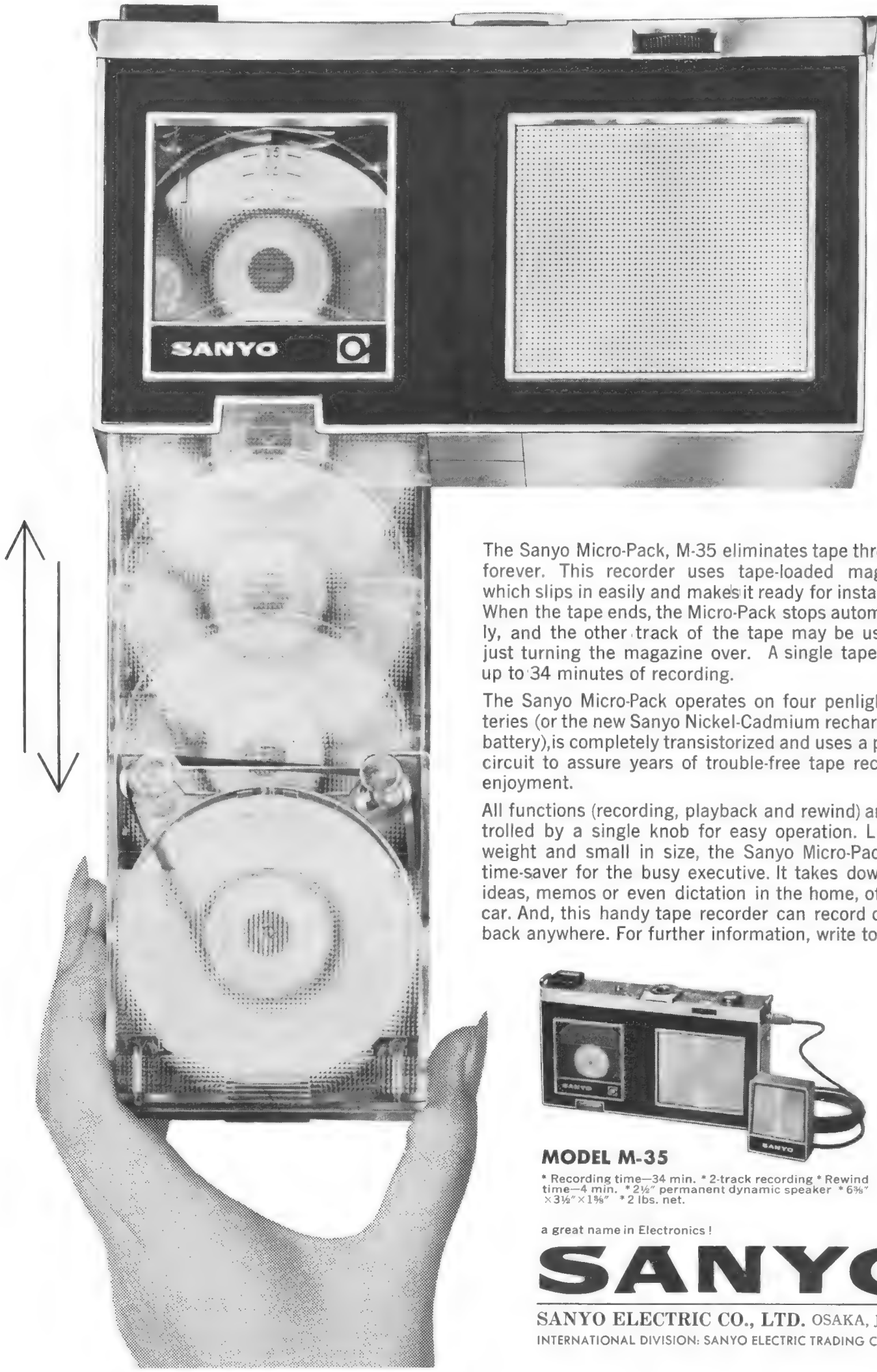

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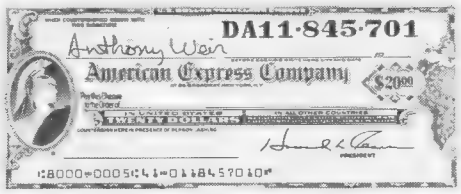

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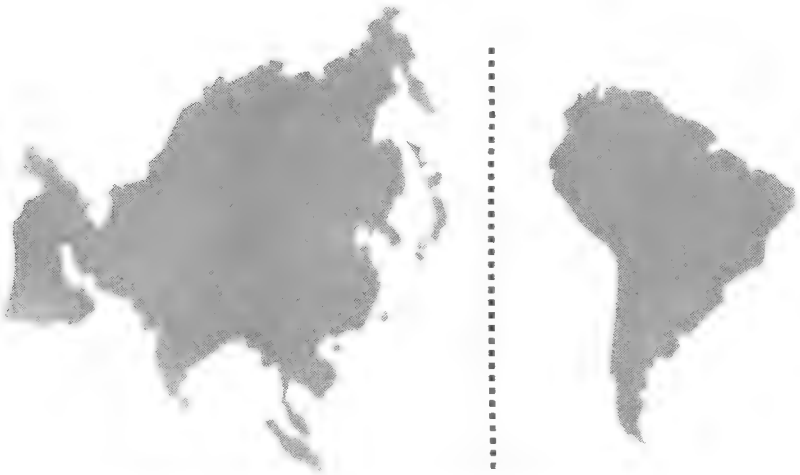

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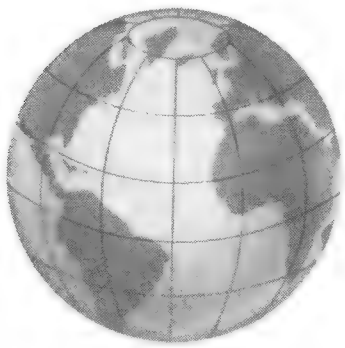

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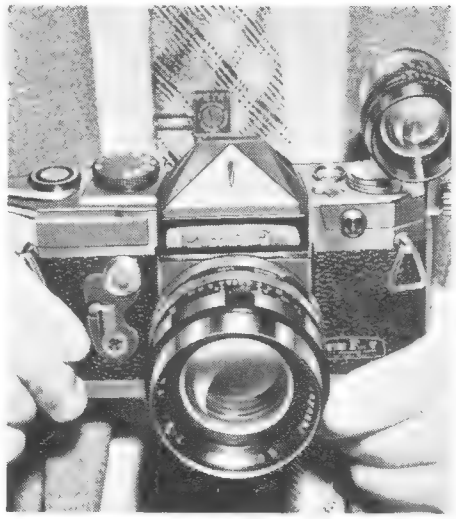

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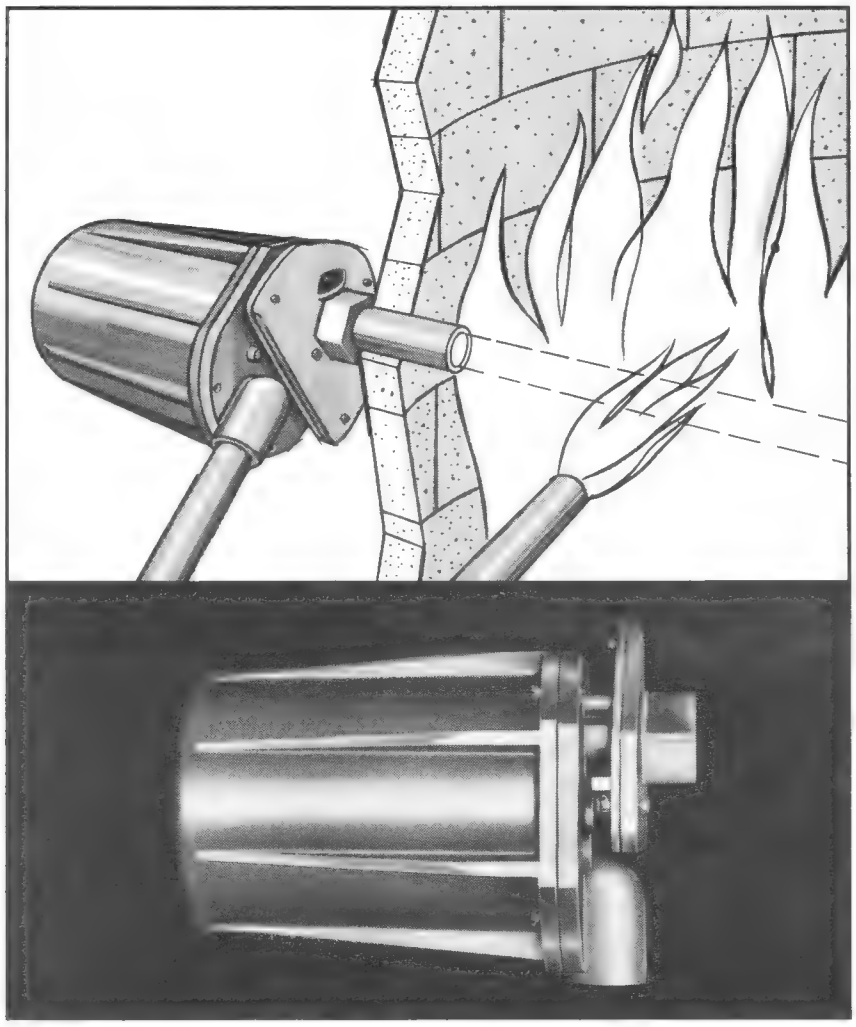

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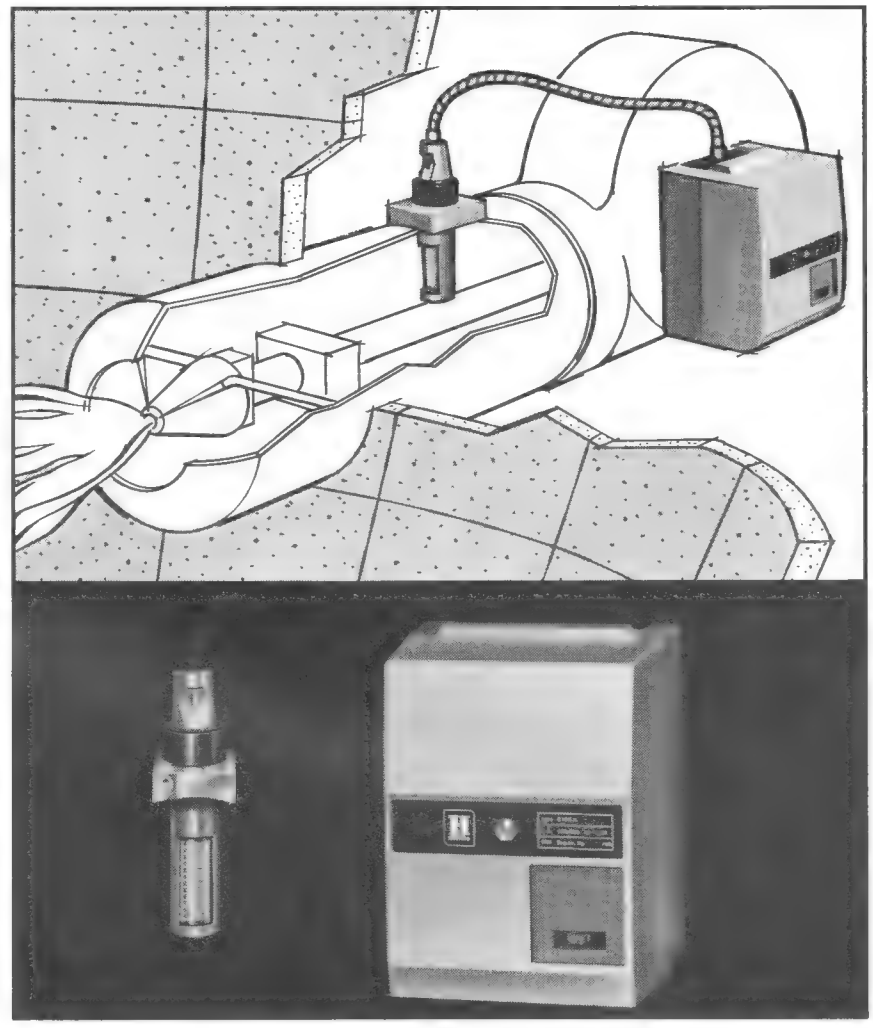

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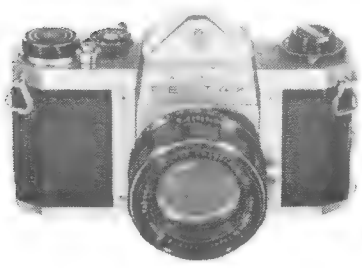

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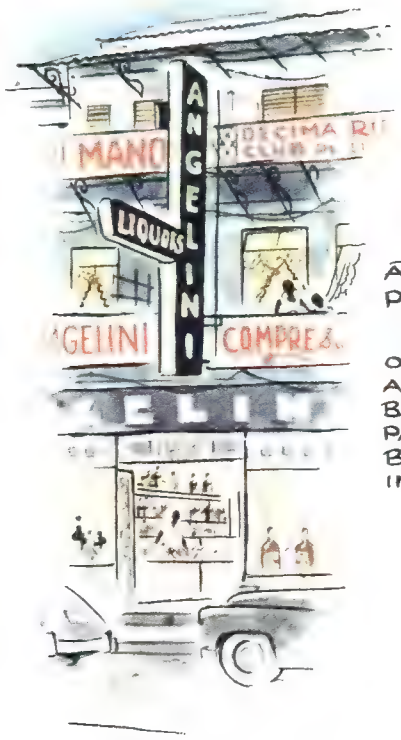

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LIFE INTERNATIONAL

Vacationers' Europe is full of sightseeing splendors

THE LOVELY LAND

There are many Europes—the politician's chess board of boundary lines now gradually being lowered, the businessman's complex of factories and markets, the art-lover's wonderland of museums. But at this time of year one Europe shines forth more brilliantly than all others: the Vacationer's Europe. As shown by the panorama of color pictures on these 14 pages, the cool green lawns of England, the dark deep fjords of Norway, the soft afternoon landscape of France and the timeless splendor of Italy all combine to make the seeming pastime of summer sightseeing an art in itself.

A thatch-roofed cottage sits amid flower gardens and velvet lawns on the bank of England's River Thames.

The cathedral at Wells, one of England's most venerable, casts a shimmering reflection on a quiet pond.

The High Hills over the Rhine

For a sweeping view of Germany's Rhine, a lift at Assmanhausen soars to the top of a mountain overlooking green hills and meandering river.

Swinging in nearly a full circle, the Rhine makes a belt of blue around the farmlands of Filzen. The river is Europe's busiest waterway.

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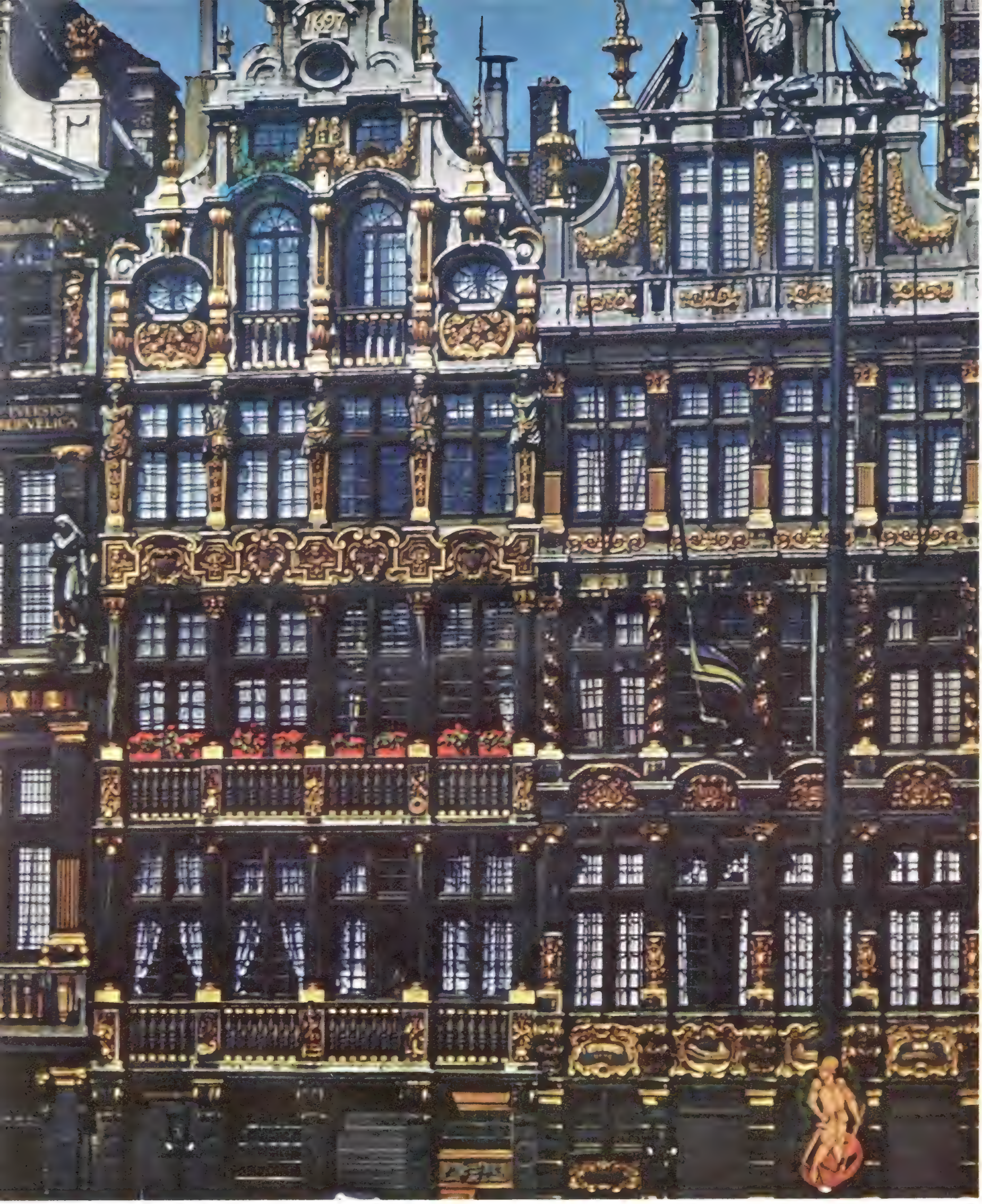


Lavish baroque façades of 17th Century buildings look down on Brussels' Grand' Place, a food market by morning, a flower market by afternoon.

Baroque and

Shining new façade of glass balconies decorates an apartment house in Rotterdam. Modern beauty has replaced war's devastation of the city.

Modern Beauty

CONTINUED

A lonely Norwegian farm nestles under the shadow of a massive mountainside on the edge of a blue fjord. Some farms perch high on the cliffs.

The Deep Blue Fjords of Norway

A simple boathouse stands by a rippling fjord, ready to protect the fishermen's craft from the foul weather sweeping down the mountainside.

Sunlit farmlands fan out from a Danish village in a handsome pattern. The Danes make the most of their land with careful husbandry.

Moonlit Colosseum is one of the glories of Rome. Floodlights aimed at the Colosseum outline columns of Hadrian's Temple in foreground.

Sights by Sun and Moon

CONTINUED

Ageless Pastoral Calm

Flocks of sheep graze under the towers of Avila, the walled city built by the Romans, rebuilt in 1090 and still one of Spain's spectacular sights.

Grazing land stretches away from France's famous Mont-St.-Michel. Covered by water at high tide, the salt grass gives mutton a delicate flavor.

CONTINUED

Sunny Setting for a Colorful Sport

Thudding across the green turf and gliding over the brush-and-water jump, the horses in a steeplechase present a fondly familiar picture of Auteuil, Paris' famous racetrack on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne. Behind the track rises the backdrop of trees, and behind them the apartments and chimney pots of Paris. The three handsome racetracks in Paris (the others: Longchamp and Vincennes), provide some of the world's most beautiful settings for this colorful sport. As one sportsman describes it, "Auteuil represents heaven on earth: champagne, pretty women and good horses."

For the full flavor of Europe a photographer visits a great city's areas rarely seen

PARIS

The sightseer's Europe is beautiful, but the veteran traveler yearns for more—not just the look of Europe but the sense of Europe, not only the spectacle but the experience.

The spectacle is in the Bois de Boulogne and at Mont-St.-Michel, along the Rhine, the Arno and the Thames and in other well-traveled regions. The experience can be enjoyed in the less known places—the quiet towns, the lonely beaches, the quarters of large cities where the visitor does not ordinarily go. Paris, whose boulevards are familiar to every tourist, is rich in such hidden treasures as well.

In pursuit of the experience of seeing a part of Europe in greater depth than the sightseer does, LIFE's Alfred Eisenstaedt roamed such sections of Paris as the Rue Mouffetard (*left*), the Marché Suisse (*page 34*) and the Parc de Montsouris (*right*) to record his interpretation of a Europe rarely seen by the casual vacationer.

Photographed for LIFE International by ALFRED EISENSTAEDT

A fine place for duels is the Rue Mouffetard, a village within a city and one of Paris' best market places.

The Guignol puppet show in the Parc de Montsouris is delightfully terrifying as its audience's faces attest.

CONTINUED

In the Louvre, Ludmila Karagodov, whose business card bears the legend *artiste peintre*, copies for the tourist trade.

On the Avenue Matignon, the stamp market is as busy, in its low-voiced way, as a major bourse, and deals can be big.

A way of life: a chacun son goût

In the Ile de la Cité's Square du Vert-Galant, card players ponder their hands as intently as though stakes were high.

Lunchtime on the Champs Elysées is the hour for *boules* and the stick is always at hand to decide the close ones.

In the Marché Suisse, a tony flea market, Elizabeth Delaunoue minds the store an antique shop—for a friend, and manages to look like a Toulouse-Lautrec.

In the Foyer de la Danse of the Opera's ballet school, where Degas sketched the lithesome beauties of his paintings, a *Rat de l'Opera* runs through her lessons.

When *Maman* walks in the beautiful park of the Buttes Chaumont, Fifi goes along with her, snuggled comfortably in a fine leather bag.

Pampered pets of Paris

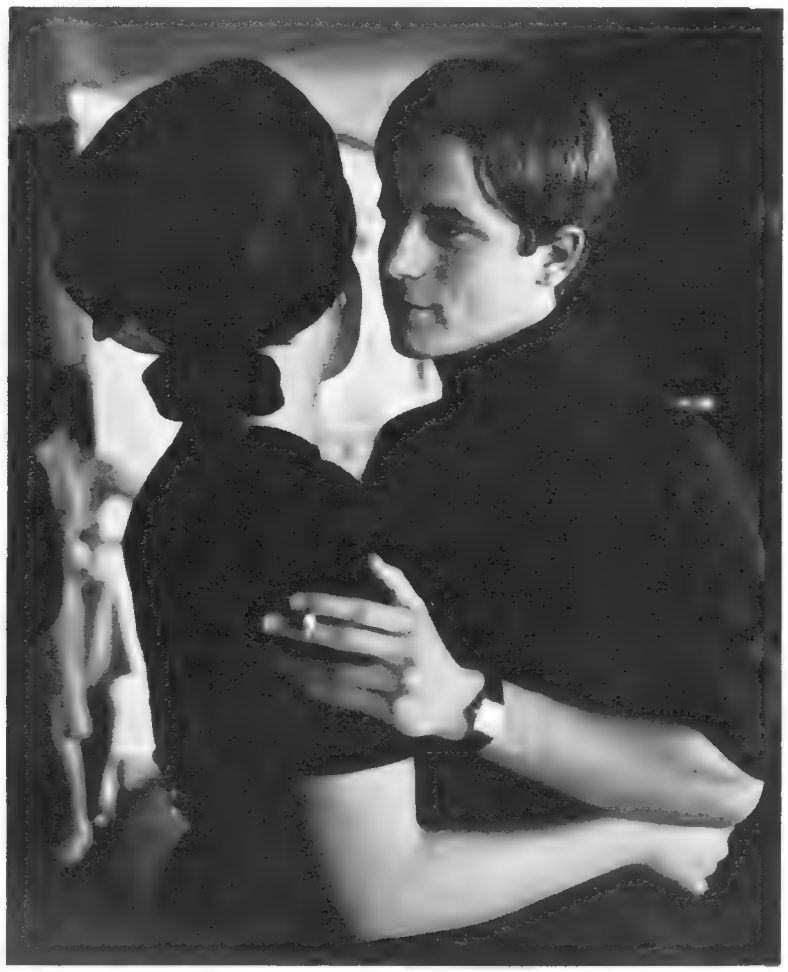
Passengers can be bores, so the lady taxi driver makes sure of good company by taking her friend, once a foundling, wherever she goes.

Tell (he was named for William) has a cold, so he is wearing his mistress' best bed jacket. Tell lives in the Rue de la Vilette.

Miquette and her mistress, both of them toothless with age, love to take the sun together near the Sacré-Cœur on Montmartre.

CONTINUED

A city of lovers



Gigi couldn't understand the Parisians' "making love ev'ry time they get a chance." Perhaps Parisians *don't* spend more time on love than other people. But every place Eisenstaedt went—among them the Luxembourg Gardens (*left*), the Golf Drouot dance hall (*above and below*) and the banks of the Seine (*right*)—he found Gigi right.

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THE WILY TROUT OF BAVARIA

The article at right, adapted from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, *is an account of a trout-fishing expedition by the author of* Moscow Interlude *and* Diplomat. *Mr. Thayer fished these streams by personal invitation. No invitation is needed, however, for anyone to get a permit ($2.50) to fish one of the 500 Bavarian waters listed in the fishing guide,* Deutscher Angelsportführer.

Author Thayer puts a fly across a pool at the foot of Pertenstein Castle. He has fished most streams of the world, including behind the Iron Curtain.

by CHARLES W. THAYER

The sun was rising over the Alps to the southeast as we started down the Salzburg Autobahn from Munich. It was a warm July morning, and a thin veil of mist partially hid the mountain peaks. The mist was a good sign, for it meant that there would be no foehn—that strange, enervating wind from the Sahara which spills over the northern slopes of the Alps and drives the natives to drink—and sometimes to murder. Our fishing tackle was piled in the back seat of the Volkswagen which my host drove. Dressed in a short, loose-fitting, Bavarian jacket with large bone buttons and wearing a Tyrolean hat, he looked as though he had seldom been off the farm. In fact, however, he was a widely traveled fisherman and had waded up the trout streams of more than one continent.

"You'll not find our fishing like that of Canada or Oregon," he told me. "We use Volkswagens instead of pack horses and we don't go in for tents, campfires and balsam beds. Our trout are seldom over five pounds, but they're always good for a fight. After all," he added, "there's no such thing as a second-class trout."

An hour south of Munich we turned up into the mountains. A few minutes later we drew up at the foot of a narrow stone bridge leading across a dried-up moat to the gate of a small 14th-Century castle. In one corner of the high stone wall which encircled it rose a sturdy, square tower looking out across blue pine forests and brilliant green mountain meadows. At the foot of the tower ran a broad mountain stream.

A heavy-set Bavarian with a spectacular black beard was waiting for us in the castle's gateway. He was wearing a green, scarlet-trimmed uniform of a game warden. Cocked at an angle on his head was his green mountaineer's hat, the brim of which was turned down rakishly on one side so that it hid half his face. From the brim a long chamois brush curved gracefully over his shoulder. He came forward, raised his hat and swept it almost to his feet as he bowed and greeted us with the traditional fisherman's salute: "*Petri Heil!*"

Then, standing rigidly at attention, his hat pressed to his side, he reported as a soldier might to his commanding officer:

"Yesterday's high water subsided during the night. The river is normal and the water is clear—almost too clear. The trout have been rising since dawn. It is recommended to fish the upper river this morning and the castle stretch later in the day."

My host then tipped his hat in acknowledgment and led the way through the castle courtyard, up a wide ceremonial staircase, along a vaulted gallery and into what had once been the castle's great hall. Though it had been uninhabited for several generations, its gaily painted baroque ceilings and the polished 20-inch planks on the floor were dry and sound. He led me to a window looking out across the sunlit meadows where brown-and-white spotted cows were grazing. In the background the slender spire of a village church rose like a needle point against the dark pine forest beyond.

"Perhaps you'd like to take a look at our brutes first," he said and pointed down to the river flowing under the walls. A dam just below the castle formed a large, quiet millpond, and in its clear water we could easily see a score of huge fish swimming languidly 40 feet below us. At first I thought they must be some form of big carp one often finds in the moats of Bavarian castles. But then one rose to snatch at a passing insect, and I spotted the adipose fin of the trout family.

"Rainbows," my host explained. "My grandfather brought them from America 70 years ago. After lunch we'll see if they're any more obliging toward their compatriots than they are to us Germans."

Behind me the warden chuckled grimly.

"They won't rise to anyone's fly," he muttered.

We returned to the courtyard, pulled on our waders and walked down to the water through a low postern gate.

Above the castle the river wound between thick walls of alder and willow. Wading through the comparatively shallow water we soon came on a pool where several big brook trout were feeding. Well-fed and fat, they were not too keen for our flies, but after a little experimenting we found the kind they liked, and soon we were both busily wrestling with angry trout leaping, diving and streaking through the clear water. "Don't think the big ones under the castle are as easy to hook," he warned me.

Farther upstream we came to a rocky ravine through which the water tumbled noisily over giant boulders. Here in the deeper pools we spotted several long, silvery grayling—the cunningest of all the trout family. For them only the most perfect dry cast had any effect. And if once they rose to a fly and rejected it you could be sure they'd never take it again, no matter how often or how well you served it. But if one struck, you could also be sure of a first-rate fight, for the grayling is the gamest

CONTINUED

of all trout in Bavarian waters. It is also the rarest, for it is exceedingly sensitive to handling and can neither be transported nor raised in hatcheries.

The hot July sun and the heavy going through the rocky river were beginning to wear us down when we rounded a bend in the river and all at once found ourselves in front of a little mountain chalet standing on a grassy knoll surrounded by forest. Curious, we clambered up the bank and rested in the shade of its wide eaves. Its windows were shuttered, but even in its abandoned state, sitting snugly in the forest clearing under its spreading roof, it had a warm, hospitable air about it.

We sat down on the front step, lit cigarets and looked out across the stream to a wide meadow beyond and the forest beyond it. In the distance, the snow-covered peaks of the Austrian and Bavarian Alps glittered in the sun against the hazy, blue horizon.

"The man who chose this spot had an eye for landscape," my host remarked admiringly.

"He was an artist," the warden broke in. "Not a very good one, they say, but he once painted a picture of Hitler. With the money he got for it he started to build this. But then his funds ran out and he never finished it." He pointed to the beams above us designed to support a balcony that had never been built.

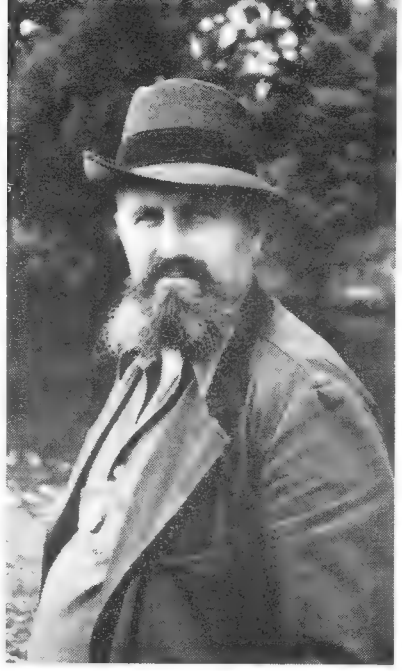
"The house that Hitler's portrait built," my host laughed.

After finishing our cigarets we started off again.

Three miles above the castle, my host called a halt. The next stretch, he said, was reserved for raising trout, which he sold to the state hatchery at Königssee near Berchtesgaden. Throughout the summer, he explained, a team of fishermen drag the river with a net and ship their live catch to the hatchery.

We watched the fishermen working for a while, but then our appetites got the better of us and we trudged back to the castle. There in the great hall the warden's wife had set up a table beside the window overlooking the millpond. As we ate our lunch of fried fish and *Salzkartoffel*, we stared avidly at the big monsters lolling in the sun-drenched water directly below us. Impatient to get at them, we quickly finished our meal and scrambled down to the river.

A narrow pebble beach formed the riverbank opposite the castle, but it dropped off sharply as we waded toward the pool where the big rainbows were feeding. When the water reached the top of my



Game Warden Kutchenreuter is an excellent fisherman himself. However, he prefers bare feet to wearing waders.

hip boots I tried to cast across, but my best effort fell several yards short. While I struggled to get out more line, the warden dragged an ancient, flat-bottomed, oarless skiff from the reeds of the bank. Pushing it by the stern, he waded out until the tip of his black beard was almost dabbling in the cold water.

I cast again from the bow of the skiff. The fly on the backcast whistled perilously close to the warden's ear, but he stood unflinching. Finally I managed to place a Blue Dun just upstream from the school. As it floated serenely over their heads, one of them rose, sniffed indifferently and sank back into deep water. A dozen more casts aroused even less interest.

On the shore my host watched, grinning. "They don't grow that old and fat by being stupid," he said. "But keep it up. Sometimes one of them makes a mistake." After a few more casts I switched to a French fly grandly called *Monsieur le Président*, which a friend had sent me from Paris.

As it hit the water two of the smaller giants darted upward, and the one in the lead, without waiting to sniff, grabbed it. In a moment the bucolic tranquillity of the millpond had vanished as the angry fish leaped and thrashed about in the water. After several leaps he streaked off toward the dam. My line was almost exhausted before he slowed and leaped again at the very lip of the dam. My light rod was bent like a hairpin and trembled under the strain. From the bank my host shouted unsolicited advice. Sweat poured off my face and trickled down my back. The cigaret which I had in my mouth when the fish struck began to burn my lip, and savagely I spat it into the stream.

Gingerly the warden maneuvered the skiff into shallow water, but as I jumped from it my feet slipped on the mossy pebbles and I landed with a splash, sitting in two feet of water. But my line was still taut and another leap showed the fish was still with me. Then abruptly he turned and raced upstream past the pool where his erstwhile comrades lay. Several of them, their curiosity aroused by his strange behavior, began chasing him into shallower water of the stream above the castle. By now he was tiring, and twice I managed to bring him almost to the shore. Each time he took one look at my big waders under the water and shot off again.

Nearly a half hour had elapsed before I managed to coax him into reach of my net and scoop him up. Exhausted, I stumbled ashore while my host hooked the trout to his scales.

"Three pounds," he announced. Then he raised his hat and shook my hand: "*Petri Heil!*" The warden swept the pebbles with his hat and solemnly congratulated me, adding gruffly: "It was that Paris number that fooled him." I breathlessly mumbled the customary acknowledgment: "*Petri Dank!*" and flung myself on the ground to drain the water from my waders.

At 9 o'clock the next morning we set out again. We first tried a big pool far up the river, near its headwaters. "Try three flies on your leader," my host suggested when we reached the place. "But cut off the barbs. There's no need to tear the fish to pieces."

A small brown trout snatched at the end fly almost as soon as it hit the water. As the line swung downstream a second grabbed the hand fly, and when I started to reel in a third hooked himself on the dropper. Swelling with pride, I landed the three fish and laid them back in the river. But my host, watching from the shore, promptly deflated me: "We call this pool 'Idiot's Delight,' " he said with an indulgent smile. "Now let's go and get some lunch."

After a large lunch and a long snooze we rowed out onto the lake in a canvas boat.

The water was crystal-clear, and you could see perfectly down to the bottom, 20 feet below, where rainbows, brook and brown trout were feeding among the underwater foliage. Suddenly my host poked me and pointed below the stern. There among the weeds a gigantic rainbow was swimming languidly, so close that we could make out her big bulging eyes and her gray, gaping, bony mouth.

"It's the Queen Mary herself," my host muttered, "and as old as the *Mayflower*." He placed a cast

Bavarian Burgher Mikhail Rumml and Frau Rumml cast from a skiff in a pond off ancient St. Bartholomä Inn.

out in front of the old giant, but she didn't even raise her nose. For an hour we stalked her around the lake, trying every fly in our box, but she showed no interest and eventually we lost her among the weeds.

It was getting dark, and we were still hunting the queen when my host finally tore off his fly and tied on a large and gaudy streamer. "Old lions start hunting at dusk," he said. "Why shouldn't old rainbows?" As he pulled the streamer through the water it looked very much as though it were a delectable young minnow.

We rowed to the spot where we'd last seen the queen and started casting.

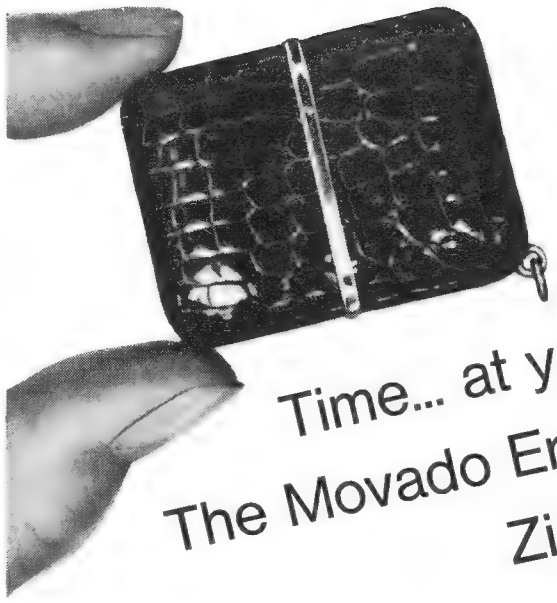
For 10 minutes we had no luck, but suddenly my host's rod shuddered and bent. A second later the water broke, and the queen herself leaped clear into the air. To me she looked a yard long. She jumped again and then plunged toward the bottom. A moment later the reel was humming as she streaked up the lake. Frantically manipulating the oars, I tried to keep my host facing the big fish. For half an hour he paid out line when she darted away and cautiously reeled in whenever she turned. He had knocked his Tyrolean hat into the water where it was floating serenely toward the outlet. His hair was hanging over his face, and his jaw was set in a savage grin.

Finally the old queen made a last frantic leap and then lay exhausted on the surface, her nose half out of water, as my host reeled her gently toward the boat. With a quick twist of the net he scooped her into the boat and fell headlong on her like a football player.

It was practically dark when we rowed ashore and carried the monster to the inn. Several woodcutters and foresters were already assembled at the *Stammtisch* for their evening beer. At the sight of the queen they abandoned their mugs and crowded around the scales which the innkeeper had produced.

The verdict—7½ pounds—was greeted with whoops of delight and *Petri Heils*. A dozen caps swept the floor, and a dozen calloused fists seized my host's hand.

Late that evening, as we sat in my library in Munich reviving ourselves with whisky and soda, my host was still glowing with excitement over the Queen Mary. "Nevertheless, it is different from your Oregon fishing," he said, almost apologetically. "Even the queen is no 20-pound steelhead. But our streams do have their advantages. You don't have to take a two-week pack trip to reach them. A single holiday will do. And in Bavaria almost every day is a holiday of some sort."



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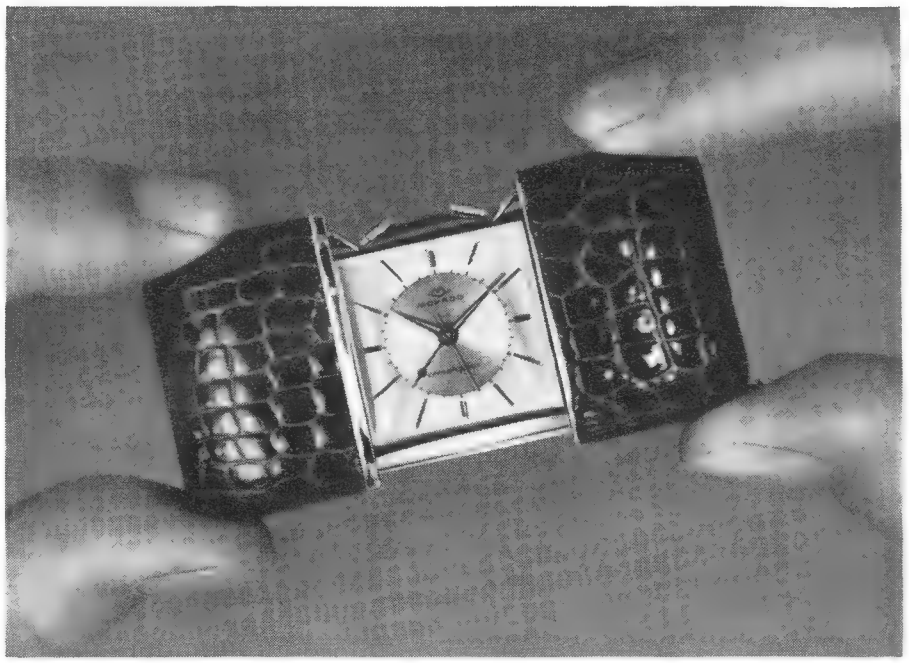

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MOVADO

The sunny Aegean lures thousands to relaxation and rediscovery

THE SERENE

A hillside of houses touched to incandescence by a waning sun, a bulk of rock outlined against a horizon of crystal sky and purple sea—this is the landscape whose clear geometry once guided the ancients toward logical thought and formal beauty. For a long time Greece's sunny islands were known chiefly through the praise of poets and the reports of archaeologists. Only now is their beauty becoming widely known; and the pictures on the following pages show scenes of enchantment, some already familiar, some still awaiting discovery, that beckon thousands of travelers every summer

ISLES

to the blue Aegean "where burning Sappho loved and sung."

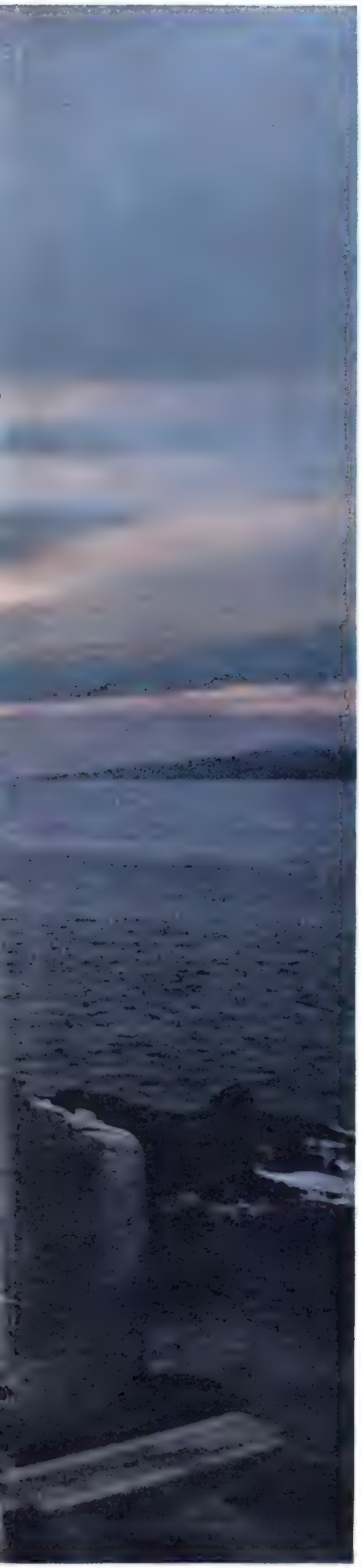
Some visitors come simply to sail and to swim, others to soak up the past amid ancient temples, hushed Byzantine churches and brooding Frankish castles. But on lonely shores and in bone-poor villages like Astypaleia (*above*), washed clean by the sun and the sea wind, many find a solitude for reflection beyond all time and change. "Other countries," writes Novelist Lawrence Durrell, "may offer you discoveries in manners or lore or landscape; Greece offers you something harder—the discovery of yourself."

Photographed for LIFE by DMITRI KESSEL

In Whitewashed Chapels and Monasteries

Scattered far and near among the islands, monasteries and chapels shed a calm as deep as the silence following the stroke of a bell. Unlike the open pagan temples, Christian holy places guard their Byzantine mysteries with knuckles of whitewashed stone. A smoke-stained icon, beeswax candles and an oil lamp or two are the only furnishings of this chapel on Mykonos, looming against a breath-taking sunset. With only 4,000 people, Mykonos has some 360 chapels in its warren of spotless alleyways. On Patmos, where St. John is said to have written the Apocalypse, a monk sits in monastery courtyard (*right*) whose massive arches date from the Crusades.

a Mood of Mystery and Peace



A chapel on Mykonos

Lone monk on Patmos

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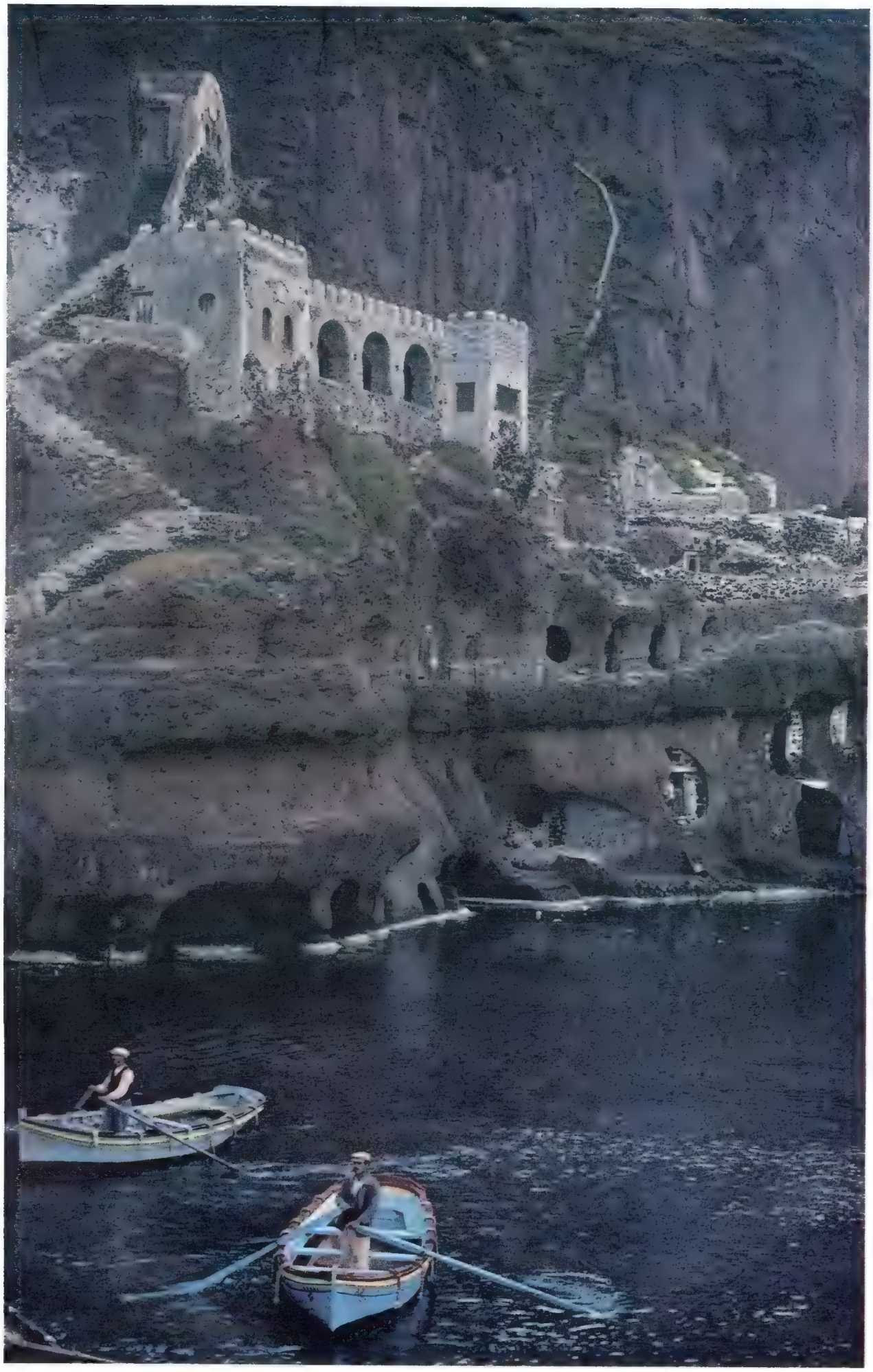
Purgatory for Donkeys on a Sea-girdled Volcano



Pity the donkeys of Santorin. Like mythical Sisyphus, fated forever to push his boulder up the mountain only to have it slip away and roll to the bottom, Santorin's donkeys spend their lives carting tourists up the switchback trail (*below*) to the top of the island and then down again. The islanders, perhaps with Sisyphus in mind, say that the animals contain souls of the dead working off their purgatory.

The stopover is a spectacular moment in an Aegean tour. Santorin is actually a slumbering volcano split open by the sea; from a base riddled with sea-scooped caverns it rises past the battlements of a thirteenth century Venetian castle (*left*) for 700 vertical feet of lava scarred with livid streaks of sulphur. Its summit is crowned with one of those scrupulous Aegean villages. Unlike most, this one is as new as it looks. The original village was destroyed by an earthquake in 1956 and the present one is its exact replica, cube for cube.

A Pet Pelican Named Peter and

an Inspired Ice Cream Vendor

Peter and his master

Anyone strolling about Mykonos is likely to come upon a proud-looking fisherman taking his glass of ouzo in company, of all things, with a large white bird. He is Thodoris Kiradonis, and the bird, which keeps rival beasts at a distance, is a local celebrity named Peter the Pelican. Pelicans do not breed on the islands: Peter simply dropped on Mykonos out of the sky seven years ago; Thodoris found the bird and tamed it.

In 1958 Peter flew off to Tinos, six miles away. When the Tinians at first refused to return him, the Mykoniots threatened to boycott the national elections unless the government made the Tinians give him back. It did, and now, with his wings clipped, Peter struts along the waterfront as if he owned it.

Loading nets on Thasos Island

Nautical ice cream man on Rhodes

Moving as gracefully as figures in an antique frieze, fishermen daily enact a time-honored ritual (*above*) as they stow their nets aboard their brightly painted boats. In Greece the sea is as grudging as the land; fish are scarce in its sapphire-clear waters, and fishermen must labor long and hard for their small prize of red mullet and octopus, two of the commoner catches in the Aegean.

One islander has made his boat a paying proposition on land. He is George Tsokalalis (*left*), who has been peddling ice cream on the Rhodes waterfront for 25 years. Three years ago inspiration struck. He rebuilt his ice cream wagon to look like a cruise ship, and now does a nice business on the goodies that come up from beneath the hatches.

CONTINUED

Some of the finest sights of antiquity are to be found not among the islands but on the sun-baked coast of modern Turkey. They are the ruins of Greek cities in Ionia, a part of the ancient world famous for its luxury and elegance. Didyma, Pergamum and Ephesus are off the beaten tourist track and even the Turks pay scant attention to these places, although Turkish folk-dancers caper colorfully every May in a native folk festival at Pergamum.

Stretching dreamlike into the misty distances of the coastal plain, Ephesus (*above*) is the most beautiful of them all. Already splendid in classical Greek times—its temple to Artemis was one of the seven

Resting dancers at Pergamum

Memorials to Grandeur on a Little-known Shore

Camel, tourists at Ephesus

wonders of the ancient world—it reached a peak of opulence as capital of Rome's richest province. But the plain became malarial and its citizens abandoned the city. Ephesus later was toppled by earthquake and buried under silt, from which Austrian archaeologists have been patiently freeing it for the past century. Now its marble main street runs like a long white gash between cultivated hills, and its poetic solitude, unfenced and unguarded, is broken only by an occasional boatload of parasoled tourists or a splay-footed camel plodding to the fields past a jumble of lushly carved acanthus and the melancholy reminders of Rome's imperial grandeur.

The Holy Places on Lonely Pinnacles

Stabbing the sky like enormous gray fingers, the pinnacles of Meteora in the plains of central Greece would make any traveler wonder if he had strayed into some grotesque landscape by Hieronymus Bosch. Even more bizarre than the geology, several of the rocks balance buildings on their summits, thrust high in the air and minuscule beside the surrounding monoliths.

Meteora was formed geological eons ago when wind and rain whipsawed a solid rock mountain into needles and rubbed their shanks as smooth as seal. The buildings are monasteries. In the 12th Century Christian hermits discovered the stone spires as the ideal place for prayer and solitary asceticism. Later, whole colonies of monks crowded the giddy perches, and by the 16th Century Meteora had 24 monasteries.

The rocks were also a safe refuge from marauders. The only way up or down was by jointed ladders or rope nets swaying against the sheer rock, which could be pulled up when danger threatened. In time the monastic ranks thinned out; the monasteries one by one fell into ruin. Today only five are left, and the convent in this picture is down to its last two nuns.

Peaceful visitors have always been welcome at Meteora and can count on food and a bed in an unused cell. They no longer have to negotiate the ladders or be hauled up in nets like cargoes of cabbages; steps have been chopped in the rock. But even without its old exclusiveness Meteora remains one of the strangest sights of Greece and, for that matter, of the world.

Xanthi
Pella
Thessaloniki
Kastoria
THASOS
Athos
CORFU
Yannina
Meteora
Vale of Tempe
Parga
GREECE
SKIATHOS
Nicopolis
Thermopylae
Missolonghi
EUBOEA
SKYROS
Delphi
Aegean
Marathon
Patras
Hosios Loukas
Dhiakopto
Daphni
Olympia
Corinth
Athens
ANDROS
AEGINA
Piraeus
Mycenae
Cape Sounion
TINOS
PELOPONNESUS
Bassae
Nauplia
Epidauros
MYKONOS
CYCLADES
Sparta-Mistra
HYDRA
DELOS
Ionian Sea
NAXOS
SANTORIN
CRETE

There is so much to see and do

GUIDE TO A FABLED LAND

Over the ages one people after another have been proud possessors of Greece's rocky shores. There were ancient Minoans in Crete, the ancient Greeks themselves, and then Romans, Byzantines, Franks (who studded the land with fortresses), Crusaders of all nations, Turks (who governed Greece for nearly four centuries), Venetians and Genoese. More recently there have been other Italians, who almost ruined Rhodes with florid Fascist monuments, and Hitler's armies, which nearly ruined the whole country. Each newcomer left some memorial of his passage, and thus the places on this map are in a sense repositories of the whole Western experience.

Yet the Greeks have changed little since ancient times; they have the same courtesy, curiosity, quick intelligence, passion and loquacity as the Greeks of old. Even the current invasion of tourists—over 500,000 are expected this year—has so far left the natives unspoiled and unsubservient.

Greece is a poor country. As recently as 1948 the only way to get around on land was by donkey over dangerous roads. A trip to the islands was an Odyssean epic on a native caïque crowded with seasick peasants and complaining livestock. Now the country is laced with highways. Athens-based rubberneck buses, garnished with pretty girl guides, take sightseers on inexpensive tours of the mainland and clean modern hotels welcome the weary along the way.

Sea travel has also improved. Luxurious liners sail out of Athens' port of Piraeus on four-to-five-day cruises of the islands. The more adventurous and the budget-minded can use the cheap public ferries and caïques to get from island to island. But these travelers, lacking the amenities of a seagoing hotel, must be prepared to settle for a clean whitewashed room in a native's home and little in the way of modern plumbing beyond a jug of water on the washstand.

The most exhilarating way to see the islands is to travel in a small group on a private yacht or caïque chartered from an Athens yacht broker (several reliable ones are named in the guide books). A comfortable caïque, sleeping six, with Greek captain, crew, chef and adequate plumbing may cost as little as $20 a day per passenger, including meals, and will sail anywhere in the Aegean. It is best to avoid the months of July and August when a hot wind, known as the *meltemi*, blows ceaselessly from the north. But June is fine, as is early fall when the sky is still and the islands are carpeted with flowers.

The map on these pages shows the principal sights to see. Some have been famous for centuries; others are only now dawning on the traveler's horizon. No matter what he chooses to see, such is the wonder of Greece that every new visitor goes home with the certainty that he is the first to have felt the full measure of its magic.

The Mainland

ATHENS. The crown of the capital, and of Greece itself, is the Acropolis, with the Parthenon, Erechtheum and Propylaeum designed by Pericles' architects, and the delicate little temple of Athena Nike. Two ancient theaters are built into the side of the hill—the Greek theater of Dionysus, and the Roman theater of Herodes Atticus where

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Parthenon photographer

A Lot To See in Greece

CONTINUED

Greek dramas are performed every summer. Other points of interest: the Agora, Athens' ancient market place, with the recently reconstructed Stoa of Attalus, an ancient colonnaded shopping center. The huge Temple of Zeus, begun in 530 B.C. and completed by Emperor Hadrian. The flea market, near the Agora, where visitors can buy anything from old shoes to Byzantine icons, mostly of doubtful authenticity. The National Archeological Museum, with its treasure of beautiful gold inlay work from Mycenae. The old quarter of town, the Plaka, hugging the foot of the Acropolis, with its narrow white alleys and its "Never-on-Sunday" taverns.

Unforgettable experience: visit the Acropolis on any of the four nights when the moon is near-full. Then the Acropolis is open until midnight and the splendor of ancient Athens takes on a magical reality.

PIRAEUS. Athens' harbor is the jumping-off point for the Greek islands. Around the yacht marina, Tourkolimano, open-air waterfront cafes serve some of the best seafood in Greece.

SOUNION. The temple of Poseidon, perched on a high rocky headland that juts out into the Aegean at the southern tip of the Greek mainland, commands a spectacular view of sky, sea and distant islands, particularly at sunset. Lord Byron carved his name on one of the columns.

DAPHNI. A little 12th Century Byzantine church whose dim interior glows with beautiful mosaics. The most famous of them is the Christ Pantocrator—"the all-powerful"—a stern and awesome portrayal that fills the dome with spiritual majesty.

MARATHON. The battlefield where Western democracy met and passed its first test in arms is a vast plain, interrupted only by a mound 40 feet high. Under the mound lie the cremated remains of the Greeks who fell in the battle against the Persians in 490 B.C.

HOSIOS LOUKAS. Powerful mosaics of gaunt saints and warriors in one of Europe's great Byzantine shrines.

DELPHI. Ancient seat of the oracle of Apollo, and the most impressive classical site in the country. A Sacred Way zigzags up the side of Mount Parnassus between ancient ruins and statues to the temple where the priestess uttered her prophecies, sitting amid the fumes rising from a crevasse that can still be seen. Higher up is an ancient theater and the stadium where Greeks celebrated the Pythian games. Overhead, eagles can sometimes be seen wheeling above the silent crags; and below, olive orchards sweep in a green carpet to the Corinthian Gulf.

THERMOPYLAE. The place where 300 Spartans fought and died to try to stop the Persians in 480 B.C. is no longer a narrow pass. The retreating sea has exposed several miles of dry land. But a modern monument marks the spot and bears in Greek the famous epitaph: "Stranger, go tell the Spartans that here we lie in obedience to their law."

MISSOLONGHI. A town noted chiefly for its romantic associations with Lord Byron, who came to Missolonghi to help the Greeks in their struggle for independence from the Turks, and died here of a fever. His body was returned to England, and local legend says that his heart is buried in Missolonghi; actually it is his lungs.

NICOPOLIS. Extensive ruins of an ancient Roman city founded in 30 B.C. by Octavian (later, as Augustus, Rome's first emperor) to commemorate his sea victory over Marc Antony and Cleopatra off the nearby headland of Actium.

PARGA. One of those rarities, an unspoiled, picturesque fishing village still waiting to be discovered. A delightful place simply to swim, sail or walk amid scented groves of cypress and olive.

YANNINA. A lakeside town rich with reminders of the Turkish occupation. In ornate old Turkish shops, silversmiths ply their craft in open view. Storks nest in the rooftops. An island in the lake is crowded with Byzantine monasteries, some with interesting frescoes.

METEORA. A cluster of medieval monasteries perched on natural pinnacles of rock (*preceding pages*).

VALE OF TEMPE. Celebrated for centuries by poets, the valley is a lush, six-mile-long oasis of greenery between Mounts Olympus and Ossa, with flowery meadows, burbling brooks, gushing waterfalls, ruined medieval castles, and dark woods where nightingales sing. Easiest way to see the vale is from the train that travels through it on the run between Athens and Thessaloniki.

KASTORIA. A pretty mountain town by a lake fringed with poplar and willow and noted for the handsome carved woodwork in the interiors of its houses.

PELLA. Alexander the Great's birthplace and capital of ancient Macedonia, where archeological digs, now under way, have already uncovered splendid mosaic floors and a surprisingly up-to-date plumbing system.

THESSALONIKI. Also called Salonika, Thessaloniki is freighted with memories of 2,000 colorful years—Hellenistic Greek city walls, a Roman arch, an immense number of Byzantine churches, a Turkish quarter with twisting streets, bazaars and Oriental shuttered and balconied houses, and a waterfront esplanade lined with modern cafes serving excellent seafood.

Sight to see: storks flying past Thessaloniki's minarets, pink in the fading sunlight.

ATHOS. A remote and dying monastic republic consisting of a score of monasteries and some 3,000 aging monks living ascetically in a veritable museum of Byzantine art. Females of any kind are banned, including even cows and chickens. Male visitors must bring letters of introduction from the Greek Ministry of Foreign Affairs. At least two days are needed to visit the chief monasteries, some of which are perched almost inaccessibly on cliffs.

XANTHI. An out-of-the-way village with mosques, minarets and an exotic Turkish flavor. Locals still come to market in elaborate native costumes.

The Peloponnesus

CORINTH. A few squat columns from a Sixth Century B.C. temple of Apollo and remains of Roman shops, taverns and fountains—the Romans restored Corinth after sacking it in 146 B.C. Behind Corinth is the towering Acropolis with medieval walls and a dramatic view across the Gulf of Corinth.

DHIAKOPTON. Starting point for the rack railway that makes a wild and wonderful 12-mile excursion into the peninsula's rugged interior. Two huge Byzantine monasteries along the way are worth visiting. One of them, Magaspilaion, is reached after an hour's ride on muleback.

PATRAS. Biggest city in the Peloponnesus, and noted for a Roman theater and a well-preserved and imposing Frankish castle.

OLYMPIA. Birthplace of the Olympic Games and the spot where runners still come to fetch the sacred fire for the modern Games. Especially worth seeing: the fallen columns of the temple of Zeus; the original track for the Olympic footrace; the workshop where Phidias made the huge gold, ivory and wood statue of Zeus for the temple; and, in the local museum, Hermes and the infant Dionysus by Praxiteles.

BASSAE. Hard to reach over a long, bumpy road but an awesome scene well worth the trip; a classical temple of Apollo sitting in lonely splendor on a barren, bony mountain.

SPARTA-MISTRA. Visitors must stretch their imagination to conjure up ancient Sparta; only fragmentary ruins remain. But on the nearby peak of Mistra stands a ghost town. It holds the remains of what was once the liveliest cultural center of the Byzantine empire.

MYCENAE. A rocky fortress, home of a long line of mythical heroes—Atreus, Agamemnon and Orestes. Mycenae's best-known monuments: the Lion Gate and the beehive tombs where Mycenaean kings were buried.

NAUPLIA. Once the seaport of ancient Argos and the spot where Agamemnon landed on his return from Troy, Nauplia is a pleasant village with a Venetian fortress on the hill behind it, and another little one on an island in the bay that has been remodeled into the most offbeat hotel in Greece.

EPIDAURUS. The most perfectly preserved Greek theater anywhere, with acoustics so superb that a stage whisper can be heard in the back row, 200 feet away. Greece's top classic tragedians perform here every summer in a big drama festival. The ruins of the temple of Asclepius, god of healing, and a museum filled with marble and clay replicas of human limbs and organs are reminders that Epidaurus was the Lourdes of ancient Greece.

The Cyclades

MYKONOS. Best known of the southwestern cluster of Aegean islands known as the Cyclades, Mykonos is the Greek Capri, a showcase island of snow-white twisting alleys, little chapels (*preceding pages*), shops specializing in bright hand-woven fabrics and, of course, Peter the Pelican.

DELOS. Separated from Mykonos by a narrow channel, the tiny uninhabited island of Delos, mythical birthplace of Apollo and Artemis, is covered by the ruins of a city dating to Roman times. Of special note: the row of weathered marble lions that line the path to the ancient Greek sanctuary of Apollo.

TINOS. Noted for its pretty Venetian architecture. It is especially worth visiting on Aug. 15 every year, when thousands from all over Greece pilgrimage to a local church to be healed by the icon of the Virgin Mary.

ANDROS. A large, mountainous island with fine beaches and many cold springs.

NAXOS. The place where Theseus abandoned lovely Ariadne, daughter of Crete's King Minos. Things to see: on a rocky headland, the monumental entrance to the ruined temple of Dionysus; in the interior, the marble quarries where a 35-foot-long unfinished statue of a primitive Apollo lies on its back staring at the sky.

SANTORIN. Scenes of wild, volcanic splendor (*preceding pages*).

The Dodecanese

SAMOS. Unlike most of the other members of the Dodecanese, the southeastern group of Aegean islands, Samos is green and fertile. It was once a center of Greek civilization, reaching its peak in the Sixth Century B.C. under the tyrant Polycrates, who tunneled an aqueduct through a mountain, traces of which are still there to admire.

PATMOS. The place of exile of St. John whose grotto cell is open to inspection.

CONTINUED

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A Lot To See in Greece

CONTINUED

The 11th Century monastery on the hill admits female as well as male visitors who wish to see its rare manuscripts, icons, murals and other treasures (*preceding pages*).

Kos. Birthplace of Hippocrates, father of medicine. Behind the modern town are remains of an ancient medical school and sanatorium allegedly founded by Hippocrates. Good beaches for bathing and fishing.

Astypaleia. The perfect Greek island for those who do not require all the modern comforts and enjoy the simple, timeless essence of Aegean island life.

Rhodes. The island is a rich layer cake of history and a sightseer's paradise. The city of Rhodes is a walled city; it contains the massive castle of the crusading Knights Hospitallers; its Turkish quarter is a maze of alleys, with crumbling palaces, mosques, fountains, markets, cafes. Windmills stand on the waterfront by the ancient mole once dominated by the 105-foot-high Colossus of Rhodes, one of the Seven Wonders of the World. At Lindos, 35 miles away, the cliff-top classic temple of Athena hangs above the sea; inland are meadows of flowers, springs, waterfalls, a Valley of Butterflies near Kalamiona; fine beaches and excellent hotels.

Other Islands

Crete. Home of Europe's first civilization, the Minoan, dating back to 3,000 B.C. Its lively art is on display in the Herakleion museum and at the immense and complex royal palace at Knossos. The Greeks called the palace the Labyrinth and, in their myths, made it the home of the Minotaur, the monster that Theseus slew. Crete also offers the gamut of vacation pleasures, with good hotels and many lovely, isolated bathing beaches.

Hydra. A picturesque islet serving as summer gathering place for an international Bohemian set with beards, berets and blue jeans.

Aegina. An hour from Athens, a quiet, wooded island with a well-preserved temple of Athena on a hilltop.

Skiathos. In the northern Aegean, an island where campers congregate to enjoy idyllic scenery, pretty harbor villages and a bathing beach glittering with mica.

Skyros. Some of the best examples of cubistic Aegean architecture; unusual carved woodwork in the interiors; clear waters ideal for skindiving.

Thasos. Mountainous and thickly wooded, Thasos has many ancient remains, including a temple to Apollo, a late Greek theater, and a fine collection of enormous primitive Greek statues. Well off the tourist track, the island offers lovely walks and good beaches.

Samothrace. Original home of the Winged Victory (now in the Louvre). It is also the recently excavated site of several temples and other buildings which served an ancient mystery cult, a rival of Eleusis. A splendid view across to the mainland from Mount Penghari, highest peak in the Aegean, from which the god Poseidon, according to Homer, watched the Trojan War.

Lesbos. The birthplace of the poet Sappho and the fablist Aesop is still a favorite summer spot for Greek writers, artists and intellectuals. The seafood, olives and wine of Lesbos are famous in Greece.

Corfu. Off the west coast of Greece, Corfu basks in an atmosphere of fading splendor, with ornate 19th Century villas, gardens choked with vines and rococo statuary, a gambling casino, seafood restaurants and a luxuriant countryside.

The Turkish Shore

Troy. Disappointing to anyone not equipped with a copy of the *Iliad* and a strong imagination. Little can be made by a layman of the low mound with its few ruined foundations, most of which date to cities that arose later or earlier than the place Homer described. The Turks have compounded the difficulty by making the area an off-limits military reservation, accessible only by special permission from Turkish consulates. Best solution: take the regular excursion boat from Istanbul, down the Sea of Marmara and view the shore, where the long-haired Achaeans beached their black ships, and the empty plain stretching four miles inland to the low hummock that marks the site of the city of Priam.

Pergamum. Spectacular theater on the side of a hill with a breath-taking view of the surrounding plain. Like other spots on the Turkish coast, Pergamum is best reached by rented car from the modern port of Izmir near Samos.

Ephesus. The moody, atmospheric remains of a rich Roman city (*preceding pages*).

Didyma. Site of an ancient oracle which rivaled Delphi. Here stood a colossal temple to Apollo that was once ranked as the finest in the Greek world.

COMING SOON: PART VI

A War of Glory and One of Tragedy

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DUBLIN 'What could I bring you haven't already got?'

by DOMINIC BEHAN

The Romans never touched her, and the Normans she ate without salt. Washing them down with Angles and Danes and a purebred Saxon here and there. Dublin has been a harbor for 2,000 years. Sitting between the mountains and the seas she has for half 2,000 years been chief city of Ireland—though the "Irish" seldom keep her company. She has the oldest chamber of commerce, and (it sounds absurd) the most ancient choral society and the largest brewery in Europe.

Dublin's chief product is talk and so her main export talkers. Her principal imports have for long been invading armies and second-rate West End plays, land grabbers and folk with strange names and stranger accents who claim they are now returning to what they call "the old Sod" —and they think *we're* quaint.

Arriving by plane you will marvel that the customs men don't really care how you treat the question, "Anything to declare?" Rebels sometime say, "Up the Republic!" Wilde's reply was, "Nothing but my genius." But maybe you should say, "I declare to God what could I bring that you haven't already got?" And Dublin has everything, wide streets, graceful buildings, first-rate public houses, and the only Irish Republican Army Headquarters in the world. Ask a Dubliner the way someplace and he'll escort you there himself though he might have been bound in the other direction. He expects no return, having found what every Dubliner seeks—someone to talk at.

His quick familiarity may disturb the most conservative, but, since the Dubliner has obviously no desire to breed contempt, you are soon amazed that, once he has learned your first name, he never forgets it. He will speak intimately of the President, Premier, Lord Mayor or Chief of Police and he's not name-dropping, for that pastime doesn't impress a man whose father or grandfather may have been in jail with any of them.

I have made this man your companion because it is what the Dubliner would do. Of course he was going to somewhere else when he met you, but not now. That other appointment is quite forgotten in his new interest, for he is the most liberated, the most unorthodox, the most unpunctual person in the world. Don't blame me that he attaches himself to you, for that is his Dublin way. In a pub he won't be content to sit in his own party, and wanders from company to company wanting conversation as a drug addict yearns for narcotics. But he dispenses the weed too, for he likes to prove himself able to retail a yarn with the best.

He is easy-going without the cares of the world falling over his shoulders. Look at his walk, lazy and ambling because he lives in a city so big that a good 20-minute run by an athlete would find the man outside its perimeters. Listen to his sharp, malicious wit and thank God you're not his enemy, for Dean Swift, the master satirist, was born here and so it's not off the stones the Dubliner licked his education.

The average Londoner wouldn't be able to find his way to Piccadilly Circus during a transport strike but the Dubliner knows his smoke like the back of his hand. And that's about all. To the North of the airport is Ireland, a country he never ventures into unless there's a race meeting at Navan or Naas. He doesn't mind the Irish native coming on a bus run to his land for a day or two but he's very upset when they get the idea of staying.

Dublin is a small city in a big county—an island surrounded by those dreadful suburbs he had to walk home from after that party. The city starts a few miles from the airport and ends a few miles South, East and West. The city fathers can talk as long as they like about "Greater Dublin" but to the Dubliner this is still nothing more than the jungle which surrounds his native heath.

From Dublin Airport he will take you over the bridge on the River Tolka on whose banks the High King of Ireland, Brian Boru, caught the same disease as the late Leon Trotsky. While he was thanking God for his victory over the Danes on Good Friday in the year of 1014, a viking chief thought it would be fun to plant a pick axe in the man's head, an uncivil act from which the poor monarch never recovered.

CONTINUED

Dublin's traffic pauses at police box and prepares to shoot off again as if it were a race. This is on O'Connell Street, named after the hero whose statue stands at left. In background: famous Nelson Pillar.

Long Hall Pub has all the fine flavor of Dublin and is an oasis for man and dog. Here, as in nearly every other pub in Dublin, one meets the Dubliner whose loquacious hospitality gives the city its character.

Photographs for LIFE International by FARRELL GREHAN

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Here at the Drumcondra Road is evidence of the great work done by the Wide Street Commissioners in 1757. Both sides of this tree-lined, grass-verged thoroughfare stand well back to admire the breadth of a magnificent highway unbroken for many minutes, though the name changes. Dorset Street has taken over, where Peter Kearney, author of the country's national anthem, was born. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the playwright, was born here too, and, by the junction of Dorset Street and the North Circular Road, Sean O'Casey wrote his masterpiece, *The Plough and the Stars*. Here too John Joyce serenaded the moon while James and his mother struggled after him with the family portraits rescued from the evicting bailiffs. And it was here at the Black Church (John Semple's St. Mary's Chapel of Ease) us Catholics used to run around seven times because it was said we would see the devil. Disappointed, we'd make our way home cursing the Protestants for keeping him to themselves.

Francis Johnston's spire glints white in the sun from the top of St. George's and the copper dome of Rathmines Church rusts the azured distance and religion asks us to play hide-and-seek from our hill in Dorset Street. Findlater's is here close to the Municipal Gallery in Parnell Square; St. Andrew's is hiding somewhere out there, spireless, like Adam and Eve's. I know it's there, though I can't see it. Christ Church is clear enough sitting on the other side of the Liffey with the invader Strongbow underneath its haunches and that's what he got for trying to chop the heads off the decent people. St. Audeons the Old, finished in 1455, St. Audeons the "Young" not heard of until 1841. St. Patrick's and Dean Swift, God, you'd want to be a pagan not to love St. Patrick's just because you're a Catholic. St. Michan's, where the walls cut from magnesium limestone give to the vault air a mummifying quality which prevents decomposition and the Church of Ireland owners of the place make a few pounds with their corpse-charactered peep show. Gather together ye ghouls of the nation.

Morgue music halls apart, no city in the world can show such riches of encircling beauty as Dublin. For a few pence you can fill your lungs with the sea air of Howth or Killiney. From Rathfarnham or Bohernabreena climb into the high hills which are still untouched splendor, and the Phoenix Park with its gardens, Zoo and lovers' hollows, is only a few minutes distance by foot. Your Dubliner will prompt, "Not bad, ey?" and your answer must be glowing however many times he gives you the cue to praise his God. On reaching O'Connell Street his face will burst into a sunshine of pride as you react on seeing for the first time the widest thoroughfare in Europe and the most beautiful. Charles Stewart Parnell's monument with its inscription . . . "thus far shalt thou go and no further . . ." and the tip of the great leader's finger pointing directly at the windows of Mooney's public house.

Dublin's graceful architecture includes Georgian doorways like this in Merrion Square.

Nelson's Pillar, christened the "one handled adulterer." For sixpence you can climb to the top of the William Wilkins' column for the finest view of the city and the bay. It's here that people from the provinces promise to meet each other, and around its base old women sell young flowers and fresh fruit, their trade cries belonging to the day of the hansom cab and gas light. A few lunatics want to remove the Admiral but nobody pays any attention and a good job too, for, without him O'Connell Street would lose much of its vitality and the Irish-Irelander his most constant of hates.

The "Pillar" was onetime the beginning and end of everything Dublin. Trams started from here and made their way here but when the bus took over in 1938 all that was changed, other termini sprang up and the "Pillar" was left with some buses and what remained of the trams and then they went too and there's nothing there now only a few routes. Dun Laoghaire, Dalkey, Blackrock. Any strange illness can be blamed on the fumes from the diesel oil and people could tell you how the tram was more efficient because if they missed it by a few seconds they could run after it and board it at the next stop.

Thumbing its nose at the victor of Trafalgar is the tri-colored flag of the Republic fluttering from the masthead of the General Post Office. Designed in 1814 by the eclectic Francis Johnston, the G.P.O. was burned in 1916 by the exclusive General Maxwell. A German told me one time that he had lived in a hotel in America where it took the staff an hour to haul the flag down. If he ever comes to Dublin I'll take him to the General Post Office—it took the whole of the British Empire a week to get the flag off that.

Your Dubliner will usher you off the main thoroughfare for a moment under the pretext that it is important to watch the stallholders at work in Moore Street. I'm sure it is, but the real reason for the deviation is that there are no public houses in O'Connell Street. Come to think of it, there are no public houses on any of the main thoroughfares but don't let that worry you, there are so many taverns everywhere else that some people's spectacles come to resemble pint glasses after a walk in town.

The Dubliner is full of hints on how to save money on anything but drink. He'll tell you that the cheap fruit and vegetables on sale in Moore Street are the same as the dear produce of the fashionable shops. He's quite right, though comic enough when he walks a mile to save a penny and then gives the newsvender a 100% tip on a threepenny paper. He will pause on O'Connell Bridge to warn you about ever using a taxi without first negotiating the fare. "The James Gang," he'll tell you, "were Good Samaritans compared to those bandits." This is not true and springs from the once or twice in a lifetime the Dubliner ever rode in a cab; he doesn't see why he should pay three or four shillings for the solitude of a taxi when he can travel with a busload of folk for threepence.

On your left now as you stand on the north side of the River Liffey, is the Custom House, designed by James Gandon in 1781, and burned by my father and his friends in 1921. To the right can be seen the Four Courts, designed by Gandon in 1786 and shelled during the civil war of 1922. They are two most beautiful buildings and I'd almost swear that the Republicans had nothing personal against Gandon.

The Four Courts is not far from the house in Ormond Quay where Peg Woffington, the brilliant 18th Century actress, was born. Her remark to Lord Cholmondley when he condescendingly agreed to a marriage between her sister Polly and his son Robert sums up the Dubliner's attitude to rank, class and nobility. Lord Cholmondley was, he confessed, quite reconciled and could no longer be offended by the match. "My Lord," replied Peg drily, "I have much more reason to be offended at it than your Lordship, for whereas I had before but one beggar to support, I now have two."

O'Connell's was the most beautiful of bridges until Dublin Corporation put a flower bed in its center. Because flowers are more out of bloom than in, this concrete box resembles an artificial potato pit for most of the year. They have placed in the apex to the flower bed a policeman in a box, and the betting among Dubliners is a constant 6/4 he'll be knocked down by Christmas. Since they don't like the police anyway, it'll be no surprise to me if they run the poor man down quite deliberately.

The late Lennox Robinson, Abbey playwright and director, took a bus from College Street with one of his friends, their intention being to take the sea air of Killiney strand. Not very sober, Lennox stood upright on the top deck, clutched something from the air and made a great show of throwing whatever it was from the bus window. "Do you know what that was ?" Lennox asked his companion. "Sit down, Robinson," said his friend. "You're makin' a show of me." "It was a dear butterfly," said Lennox, "and I believe their life span is but a single day." "What about it?" demanded his friend. "Well," said Lennox, "I for one wouldn't wish to spend 24 hours on top of a Killiney bus."

Across the road from the bus terminus is Thomas Burgh's Trinity College through which Dubliners seldom pass but on a bicycle. Inside is the beautiful Book of Kells illuminated by Irish monks and signed by the late Queen of England, Victoria R. Still, you see it everywhere, don't you? "Kilroy was here." In the grounds of the college are two very fine statues by Henry John Foley of Burke and Goldsmith. Facing the college is the Bank of Ireland designed by Sir Edward Lovett Pearce and originally the Irish House of Parliament. One of the most memorable remarks by a member was made during the discussion of a bill for the advancement of something which would benefit posterity. The member wanted something done for the people of Ireland. "The hell with Posterity," he declared, "what did Posterity ever do for us?"

Here at the opening to Dame Street, King William of Orange rode a white charger until somebody made the statue bolt off by

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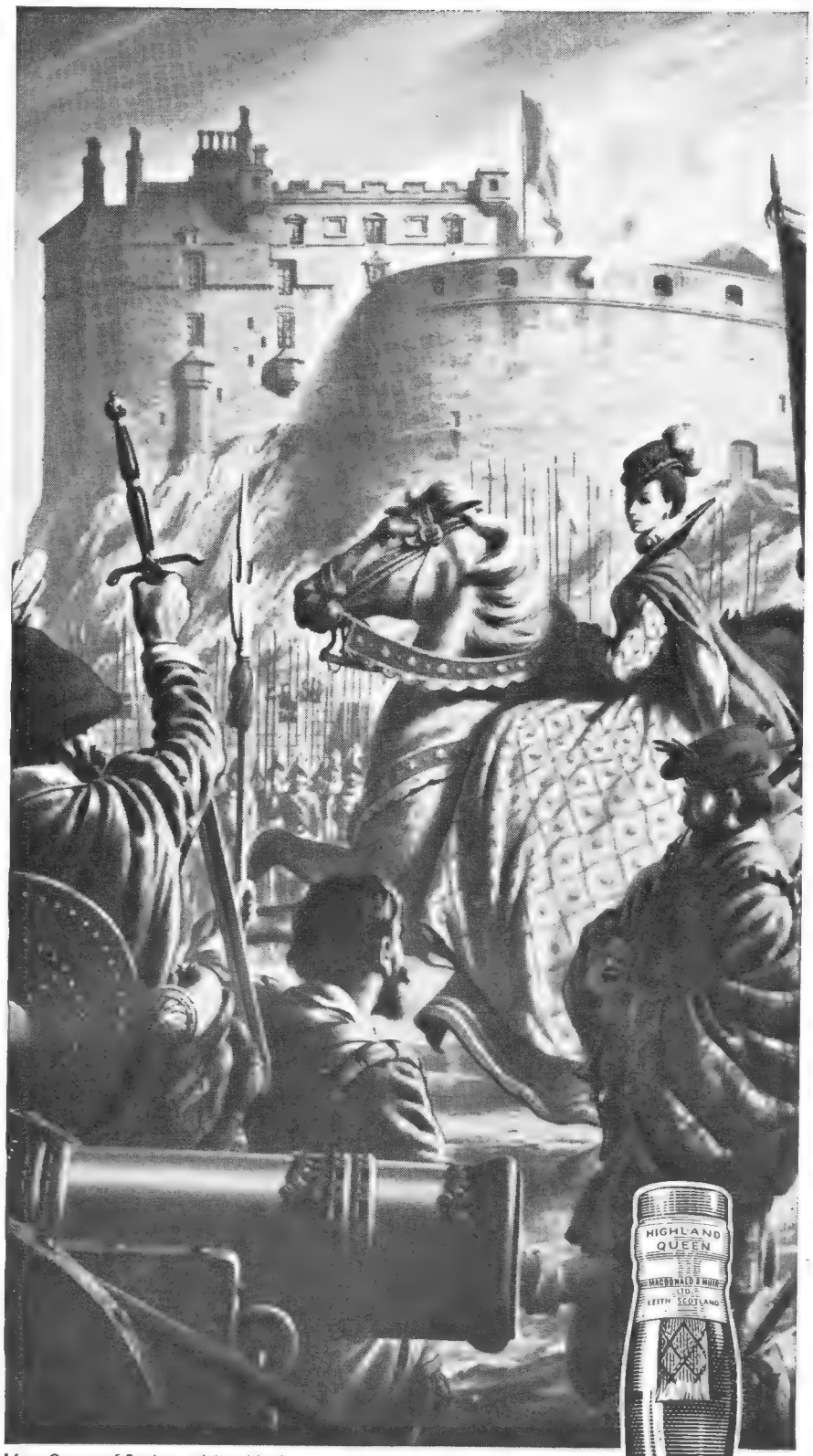

Mary Queen of Scots, acclaimed by her troops before Edinburgh Castle, 1561

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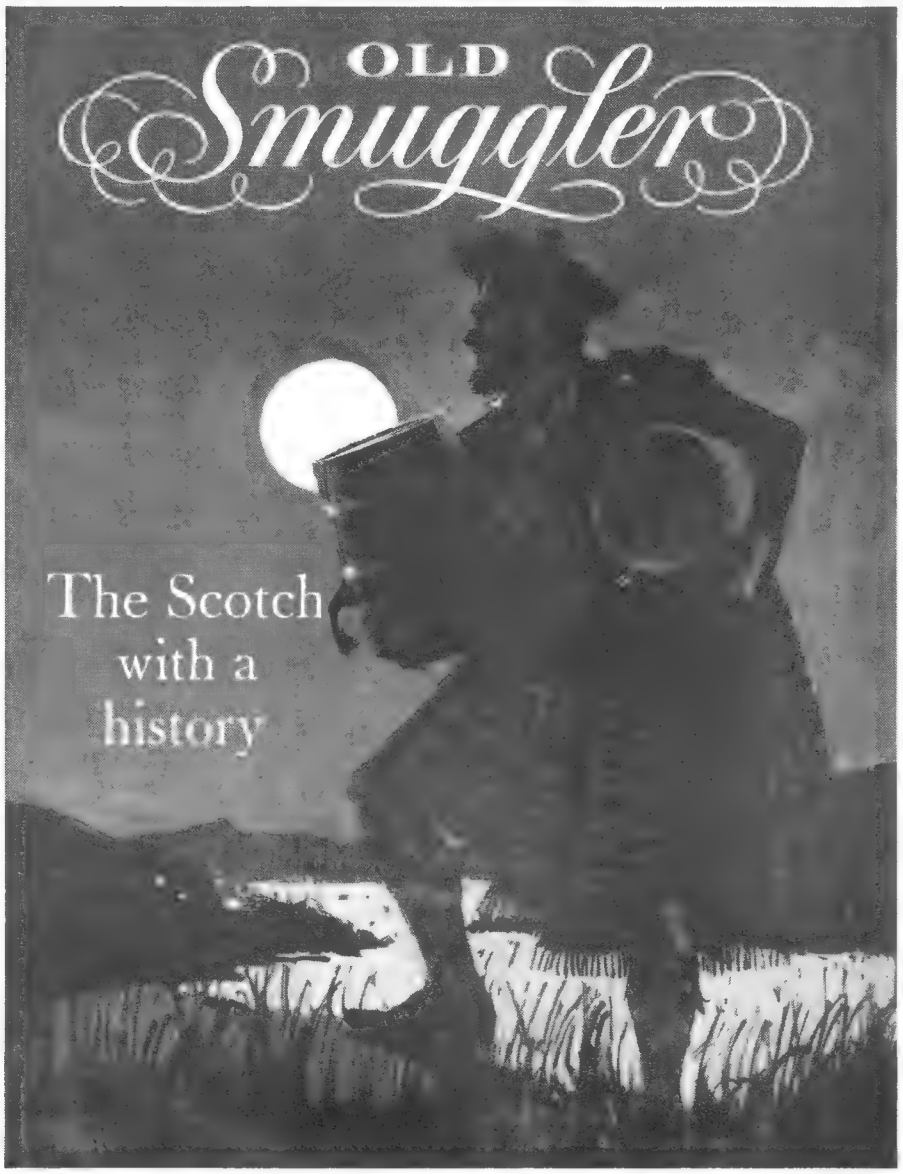


placing a few sticks of gelignite in a carefully chosen spot. But he got a lot farther than the poet Thomas Davis. There's a site picked and paid for his statue this many a year but so far it seems nobody has had the time to do anything with it. Beyond the spot where Davis doesn't stand is Dublin Castle, designed by Thomas Ivory, a carpenter, who also designed the municipal buildings nearby and the Blue-Coat schools on the other side of the Liffey. Maybe one of the chief reasons for the success of 18th Century Dublin architecture is that it was largely designed by building craftsmen with a real background of technical knowledge. At any rate it gives an impression of genuineness absent from London architecture of the same period.

At Nassau street and Jammet's famous restaurant, begins the fashionable shopping center of Dublin and here off Grafton Street you may find the city's attempt at Bohemia. The Bailey Pub and Restaurant in Duke Street owned by John Ryan, the painter, and furnishing a welcome to all people, writers, artistes, bricklayers, middle-class, upper-class and workers. A change from the days when a man would be refused admission if he were improperly dressed, which meant not wearing a tie. I know one great Irish poet who was put out for wearing his hat. However, Ryan has changed all that and it's now one of the best pubs in Dublin. Here he has hung an exhibition of old Dublin photographs which prove of great interest to tourist and native alike.

Across the road from the Bailey is the famous Davy Byrne's, known to the many who have read Joyce's *Ulysses*. But if you want to know why Irish writers domiciled in Dublin produce little, its worth a trip to McDaid's pub in Harry Street on the other side of Grafton Street. It would seem that all their waking time is spent reading publications popular and obscure in the hope that someone will have libelled them. On the other hand they can't take the chance on doing anything themselves for fear *they* would libel someone. Pygmies look like giants because homespun art is out of proportion and the young writer will find himself in a hopeless web of frustration if he doesn't take the advice of Sean O'Faolain and "Fly."

Neary's in Chatham Street is the actors' pub and it's very well appointed, good drink and excellent service being the order of the day, as with Peter McGivern's in Stephen Street. All the pubs mentioned cash checks and that to the visitor, or the resident, for that matter, is all important.

The only real Bohemians in Dublin are the members of the football club of that name. Sure enough you find an odd guy here and there who takes a bit of pot, or drinks too much, and there are plenty of people wearing sweaters and jeans but if you're looking for one who sets social conventionalities aside, well, you'll find thousands. Nobody abides much by convention anyway, and everybody does someway, and I'm not making that up. Sometimes I think that most of the people drink purely to keep their relations in employment, for

A summer attraction of Dublin is Phoenix Park, whose layout was devised by Lord Chesterfield. Phoenix Park covers 1,760 acres, includes zoological gardens, a racecourse and grazing land, and is surrounded by a stone wall seven miles long.

the main industry in Dublin (next to the James Joyce one) is Guinness' and if the Dubliner ever switches to teetotalitarianism it would be a sad day for the city.

The Abbey Theatre of Yeats and O'Casey is dead and the one bearing that proud name is a travesty of all those great men it ever stood for. They haven't produced one single good writer in years and it seems that they are content to hand over the role of playwright to businessmen who scribble in their spare time. Now at the old Queen's Theatre they perform plays which would turn the stomach of all but the Philistine. The Gate Theatre still plays a good part as does the Gaiety in South King Street. James Fitzgerald produces excellent work from time to time and John Ryan gives new writers a chance in Busarus. But outside the Abbey very few people have the necessary resources to do what's wanted, and the fight seems to have left most people.

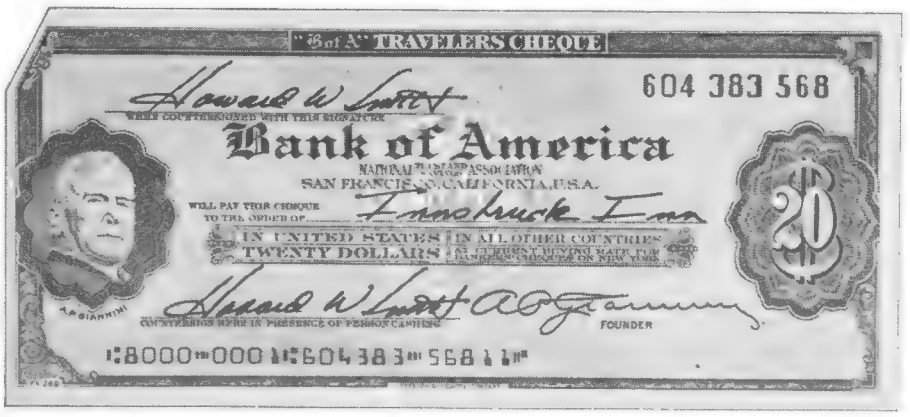
Rising to meet you at the top of Grafton Street is St. Stephen's Green, the biggest square in the world and the finest. Inside the Green there are grass plots, a forest of trees, gardens and statues. The worst statue is of Countess Markievicz who in the 1916 rising fought from the Republican garrison located in William Murray's Royal College of Surgeons. Poor Murray, it was left in a dreadful state by the time the Irish and English were done hurling leaden invective at each other.

The best statue in the Green, one by John Van Nost of George II, is no more. Even that fine artist's reputation could not save a monument to the old ascendancy from the gelignite of the new. A large part of the south side of the square is with the National University, as is Cardinal Newman's Byzantine church. They say it looks the image of the man and if that be so he must have been a most peculiar looking old boy.

When the Irish took over the management of the country it was feared by certain people that they would destroy all that was good because it was a legacy from former rule. They need not have worried. Patriots are as well able to appreciate the aesthetic as any other political persuasion. Witness, for example, the way Dublin Corporation has restored derelict Georgian houses all over the town, or the great care taken of the National Library, the Gallery and the Museum. Dublin is what it is because of the people and the buildings. Originally meant for what it was never to become, only the names change. Vice-regal Lodge built in 1751 is now lived in by President de Valera, only he calls the place Arus an Uachtarain. The Government sits in what was the Duke of Leinster's town house and they've christened it An t-Oireachtais. The Dubliner would not allow anyone to take his buildings away from him anymore than the leopard would let them take his spots. They are his nature. He talks like the buildings, big. He thinks like the streets, wide. He is like the air, free. And, if his wit be malicious, you can be sure of one thing, he'll never say anything about you to your face that he wouldn't much rather say behind your back.

The Schilling is local currency in Austria.

So is this.



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Among the fascinations of Europe are its noble families who, even more than castles and cathedrals, make history come alive for visitors. Few noble families have had more colorful a past than the Hohenzollerns, who rose from obscure 11th-Century counts to weld, rule and finally destroy the German Empire. But Hohenzollerns were often tyrants or weaklings. So Dr. Louis Ferdinand, seated (*right*) among his handsome family, seems an unlikely head of the house of Hohenzollern. "If I had not known that he was a prince, I would have thought he was a normal person," said a 15-year-old Berliner. "That is the greatest compliment anybody can pay me," said Dr. Louis Ferdinand, who dubbed himself "The Rebel Prince" in his memoirs. He earned the title: at 5, marching in a wedding procession, he kicked the slow-moving dignitary ahead; at 10, he exasperated a tutor into declaring: "Lulu, you are hopelessly unmilitaristic." As a student he quit his fraternity in disapproval of dueling, and went on to become the Hohenzollerns' first Doctor of Philosophy (*cum laude*, at that). Then he worked as a Ford assembly-line mechanic in Detroit (to be nearer Hollywood actress Lily Damita). Now, at 55, settled by 25 years of happy marriage to the Grand Duchess Kira of Russia, and father of seven children, he still holds unconventional views for a Hohenzollern: "The road to the future for the German people," he says, "is a United Europe."

Photographed for LIFE International by ALFRED EISENSTAEDT

The Hohenzollerns

The Prince and Princess of Prussia assemble their family for a 25th wedding anniversary portrait. Seated behind Xenia (Hohenzollern "baby" at 13) are her mother Kira, 54; Victoria Luise of Brunswick, 70 ("Aunt Cissy" to Louise Ferdinand, mother to Queen Frederika of Greece, and only surviving child of the last Kaiser, Wilhelm II); Louis Ferdinand, 55; and daughter Kira, 20. Children standing are (from left) *Michael, 23; Marie-Cécile, 21; Christian Sigismund, 17; Heir Apparent Friedrich Wilhelm, 24; and Louis Ferdinand Jr., 18.*

CONTINUED

Flanked by Bundeswehr soldiers in modern and traditional uniforms, Louis Ferdinand honors Prussian military forebears.

An amateur composer, Louis Ferdinand has published three volumes of romantic songs. He often plays piano duets with Kira.

A PRETENDER AND HIS JOB

As a Ford workman in the U.S. Louis Ferdinand learned, he says, "There is no proletariat—there are only citizens." As an associate since youth of musicians, liberal editors and, latterly, Social Democrats, he has "no relationship to power." It is "simply lacking in my personality." But as a favorite grandson of the last Kaiser, and as heir to his father, the last Crown Prince, Louis Ferdinand dutifully maintains traditions of the monarchy. Though he prefers to spend his time composing music, flying a plane—he has been a licensed pilot for many years—or pursuing his studies, he carries out cheerfully such obligations as presiding over the ceremonies attending the 275th anniversary of the Regiment of the Guard. In the unlikely event that Germans wanted to restore the monarchy, he would be ready. "I shall never take any action against a free regime in Germany," he says. "Freedom is the highest achievement. But if I ever notice a tendency towards dictatorship, I shall fight against it. Monarchy could be the safeguard of democracy."

A former Lufthansa pilot himself, the Prince teaches his son Michael (left) *to fly the family's second-hand Cessna.*

Catholic Duke Friedrich, in rare meeting with Protestant relatives, joins Louis Ferdinand and Kira at military anniversary.

CONTINUED

A MODERN LIFE IN AN

Most of the time Louis Ferdinand and his family inhabit a modest, crowded-to-the-roof mansion (*pp. 76, 77*) surrounded by marshland farmers' thatched cottages in Borgfeld, a suburb of Bremen where young Louis Ferdinand, Christian Sigismund and Xenia go to school. (The family bought the place last year after having rented it for a decade.) But the Hohenzollerns are hardly impoverished: though World War II swallowed 95% of their property, the proceeds of Kaiser Wilhelm's investments in securities, and of the late Crown Prince's automobile sales agency in Bremen, keep them more than comfortable, and leave enough over to pension old retainers. They still own a major share of the betowered castle at Hechingen. There, where the Crown Prince and his Crown Princess

Kira puts lilacs by the graves of Louis Ferdinand's parents. Crown Prince Wilhelm died in 1951, his wife, Crown Princess Cecilie, in 1954.

Louis Ferdinand often rides near Hechingen; fields are owned—as is a third of the family castle—by a Catholic cousin, Duke Friedrich.

ANCIENT SCENE

are buried, Louis Ferdinand loves to ride, and his wife Kira plays hostess, all summer long, to groups of underprivileged children on three-week vacations, paid for by an annual concert in the castle's Counts' Hall, by royalties from Louis Ferdinand's book, *The Rebel Prince* and by the admittance fees (40 cents for adults and 8 cents for children under 14) contributed by sight-seeing tourists.

Kaiser Wilhelm II was photographed before World War I with grandchildren (from left) *Wilhelm, Louis Ferdinand and Hubertus. Louis Ferdinand became heir when Wilhelm, the eldest, was killed in World War II.*

CONTINUED

RESPONSIBILITIES

Xenia has inherited her father's love of horses, regularly grooms the family's one stallion, Fritjoff.

The castle at Hechingen does not have central heating, and the younger Hohenzollerns consider the Borgfeld house, the Wuemmehof, a true home even though beds must be pushed close when the two eldest boys—Friedrich Wilhelm and Michael—are on leave from their studies. (Friedrich Wilhelm plans to become a journalist; Michael is interested in languages and history.) All seven young people share the family's Volkswagen convertible, the motorcycle and the horses. Educated in public schools and reared free to choose their own friends and associates, they have been imbued with a sense of their responsibilities. Though the household affords three servants, Louis Ferdinand insists the boys polish their own riding boots, and Xenia is assigned as stable groom. "It's better," she concedes, "than doing my math home work."

As active a social worker as her mother, Kira serves as a nurses' aide in a Bremen hospital's maternity ward.

Xenia and Louis Ferdinand Jr. try Christian Sigismund's motorbike. They are forbidden to ride it to school.

FOR A NEW GENERATION

With seven of us, it seems to make sense," says Michael of his father's rule that the children must care for their own clothes and bedrooms.

CONTINUED

LOOMIS DEAN

TRIBUTE TO HAPPY MARRIAGE

After 25 years of marriage, Louis Ferdinand says: "Of all living persons it is my wife whom I admire most." Princess Kira adds: "The best we have come to achieve in the years of our marriage are our seven children." This summer, Louis Ferdinand, Kira, the seven children and an impressive company of royalty and nobility celebrated the couple's 25th wedding anniversary at the castle, the Zollernburg, while the imperial flag flew from a tower. The festivities followed a smaller, strictly family party at Borgfeld. The Hohenzollerns had gone through two marriage ceremonies 25 years ago—one in the Greek Orthodox rite at the Cecilienhof in Potsdam, the other a Protestant ritual at the Kaiser's Doorn residence—so they felt it only fitting to have two silver weddings too. For the castle party, the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra played the *Romantic Suite,* opus of the head of the House of Hohenzollern, Louis Ferdinand.

Princes and princesses from all Europe gathered June 30 to celebrate the wedding anniversary. Over left shoulder of Louis Ferdinand (second row, center) *his only living brother, Prince Friedrich von Preussen, chats with King Simeon II of Bulgaria. Behind Kira and Louis Ferdinand* (in third row) *is Johannes Doehring, son of the minister who married them.*

Handyman Johann Wolff, a 38-year castle employe, hoists the imperial flag, signaling that the Prince is in residence.

PROUD REMINDERS OF DIMMING PAST

In the castle basement a discarded bust of the last Kaiser, Wilhelm II, remains as a memento of the centuries of Hohenzollern rulers.

A summer mist rolls in on the spires and towers of the Hohenzollern's castle, bathing the ancient building in a moody, magical light.

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HOW TO TRAVEL WITH A DOG

by ALICE HIGGINS

For a dog with the means to travel there is always room at the top. The best hotels and restaurants welcome his custom, and only the cheaper places are likely to discriminate in favor of people. This —for whatever the economists of the Thorstein Veblen school might care to make of it—has been the experience of Clarence the whippet and his owner, Mrs. Robert Schmid of New York City. They have been traveling all over the world for six years, with never a reservation refused. It is all in knowing how.

Clarence, it happens, is independently wealthy. Whenever he liked a particular brand of dog food, Mrs. Schmid bought him shares in the company. The stocks all gained, establishing Clarence as a tycoon as well as a gourmet. But with or without a personal income, any dog can accompany his owner across the continent, unhindered by a leash of red tape. All that is required in France, West Germany, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and Greece is proof that a rabies vaccination has been given within the last six months or year, depending on the countries you are visiting. (It is advisable to check with consulates before you leave.) But Anglophiles, however, are advised to leave their dogs at home. There is a six-month quarantine period for the British Isles and Ireland. (The air traveler with dog should avoid flights that stop in England, as the dog is not allowed even to stretch his legs in the transit lounge of the London airport.) There is, however, an alternative for the tourist who wants to travel with a dog and also make a brief visit to England. The kennels around Paris are excellent. Clarence once sojourned in luxury at the Chenil de M. Busse in Fontainebleau at the cost of $1 a day while the Schmids spent a week in London.

France, by the way, is really the touring dog's paradise, probably because almost every Frenchman has one and also travels with him. Dogs are not relegated to the baggage car but ride in *tout confort* with the owners. The Cunard and French Line ships are all equipped with well-appointed kennels; the

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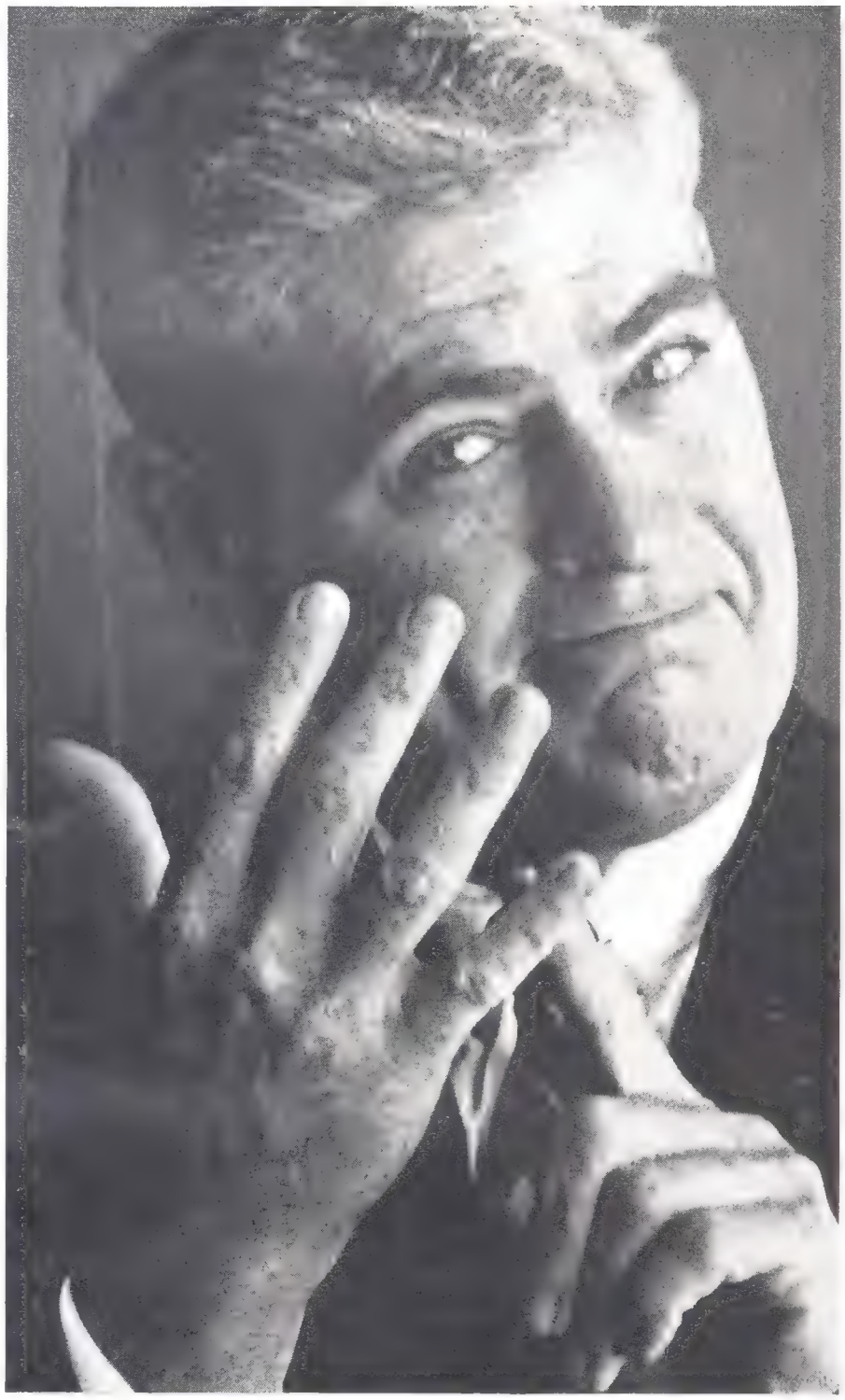
ADAPTED FROM SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



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TRAVELING DOG
CONTINUED

luxury liner *France* has kennels with wall-to-wall carpeting and a special promenade deck complete with fire hydrants. Clarence, however, traveled to Europe from the U.S. in his mistress' stateroom on the *Flandre*, where he was so well behaved that there were no complaints from the occupants of the neighboring staterooms. He even attended the captain's dinner wearing his formal coat. Each morning the kennelman appeared at the cabin to learn Clarence's pleasure; there was a choice of chicken, beef or lamb and, on Friday, fish.

In Paris, at the Ritz, there is also room service for dogs. Mrs. Schmid discovered this after buying imported dog food at $1 a can. Then one night she decided to have dinner in her room and, after the waiter had taken her order, he lingered, then asked reproachfully, "And for the dog?" Clarence's dinner arrived that night on its own silver tray complete with napkin.

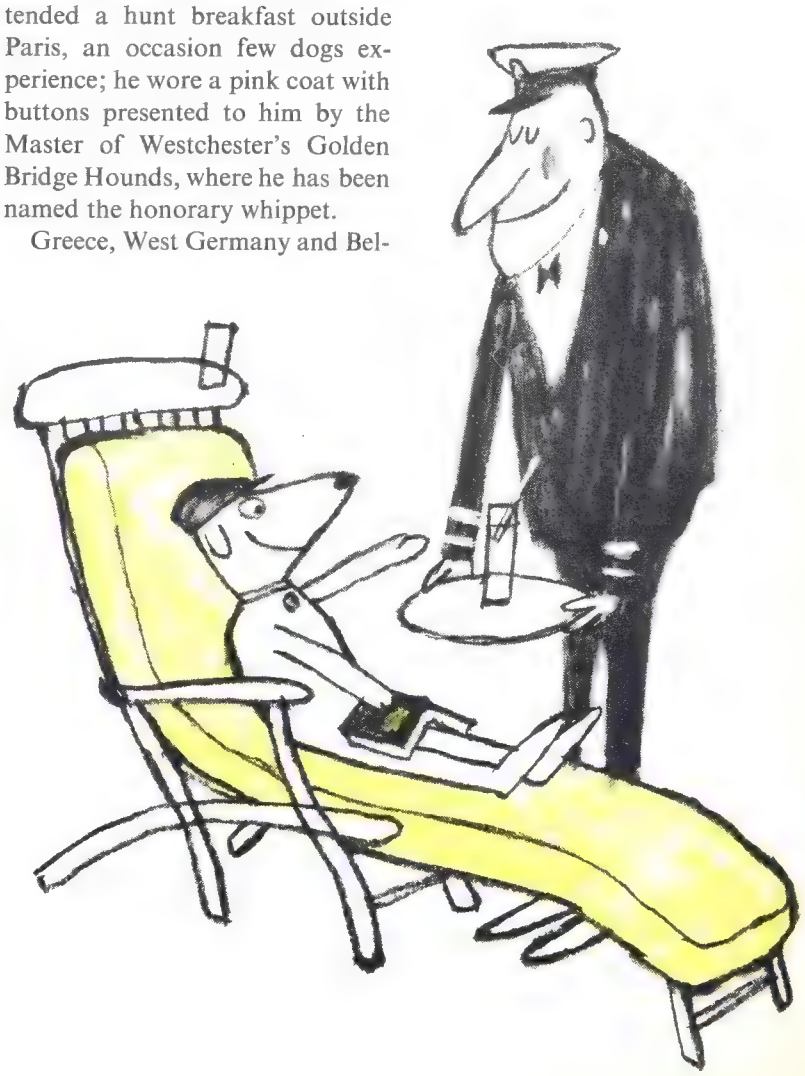
Not all hotels in Paris will take dogs, but most restaurants will. It is not at all an uncommon sight to see the family poodle dining along with his owners. The restaurants that do not allow the dogs at the table usually have some arrangement for keeping them and feeding them apart while the owners dine. Clarence supped this way at the Tour d'Argent. He also attended a hunt breakfast outside Paris, an occasion few dogs experience; he wore a pink coat with buttons presented to him by the Master of Westchester's Golden Bridge Hounds, where he has been named the honorary whippet.

Greece, West Germany and Belgium are similarly benevolent about dogs in restaurants, and they are welcomed—with owners—in shops and stores. The major department stores in Brussels and Paris have signs admonishing owners to watch the dogs' paws on the escalators. By stiff-necked tradition, dogs are not allowed in museums and churches, but Clarence has visited the Acropolis in Athens.

Before flying, Clarence is given a dose of Sparine, a tranquilizer recommended by some veterinarians, which puts him comfortably to sleep. If a dog weighs less than 25 pounds international airlines allow him to be taken in the cabin with his owner in a carrying case with a waterproof bottom. (Most airlines offer cardboard kennels for $1.50.) Remember, though, that only one small pet is allowed per flight in the cabin; others must travel as air cargo on the same flight. The dog's fare is calculated as though he is excess baggage, even if the traveler's baggage is under the limit. But any owner who wishes to give his dog the experience of, say, taking his ease alongside the swimming pool of the Palace Hotel in St. Moritz would rather spend the money than leave the dog at home.

Travel agents have lists of the hotels allowing pets. These include the Flora Hotel in Rome (it also has room service for dogs), the Park Hotel in Stuttgart and the Grande Bretagne in Athens.

A dog's life indeed!



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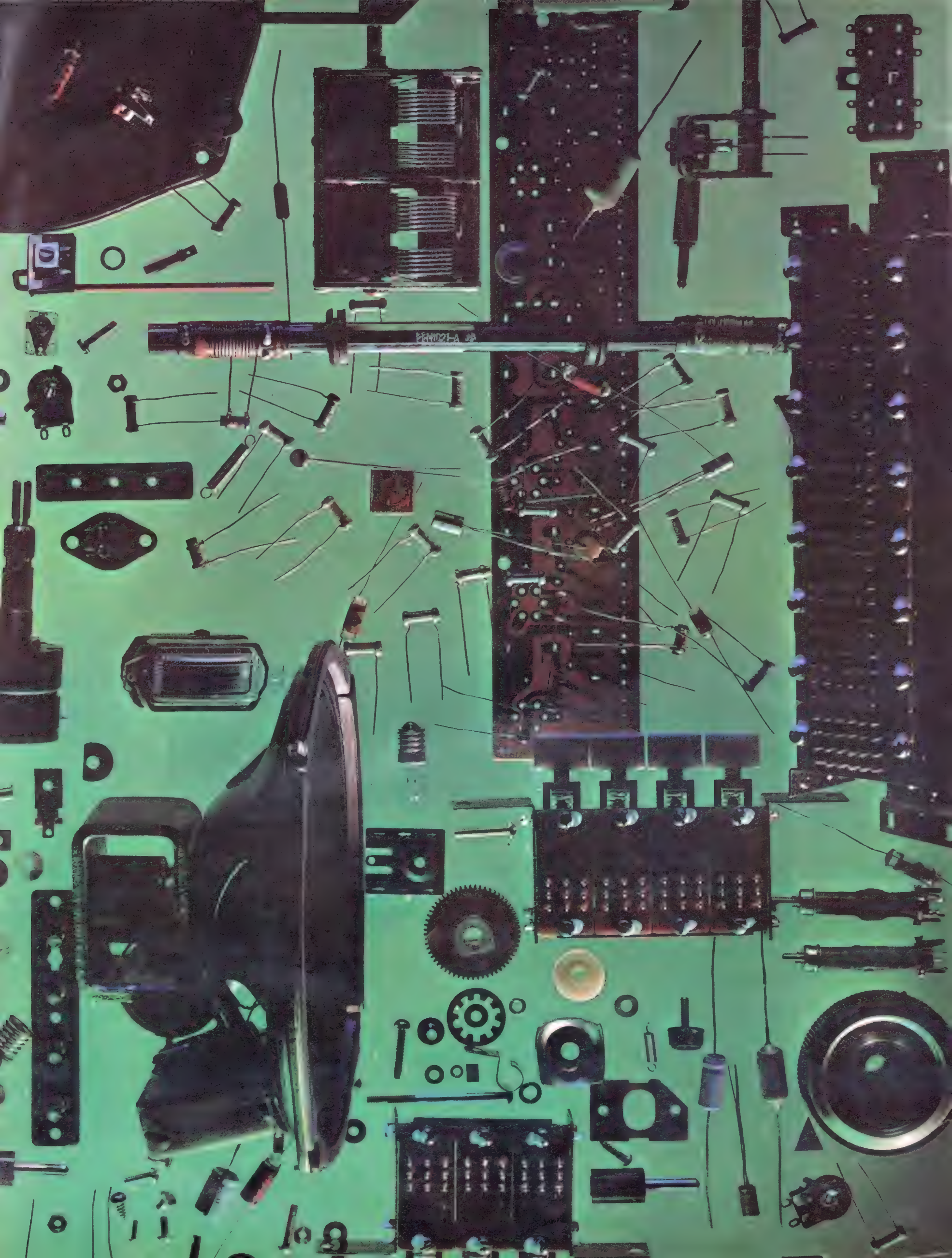

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FLY SCANDINAVIAN MODERN — WORLDWIDE SAS *SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM*

Photo by C. A. Peterson on Kodak Ektachrome film

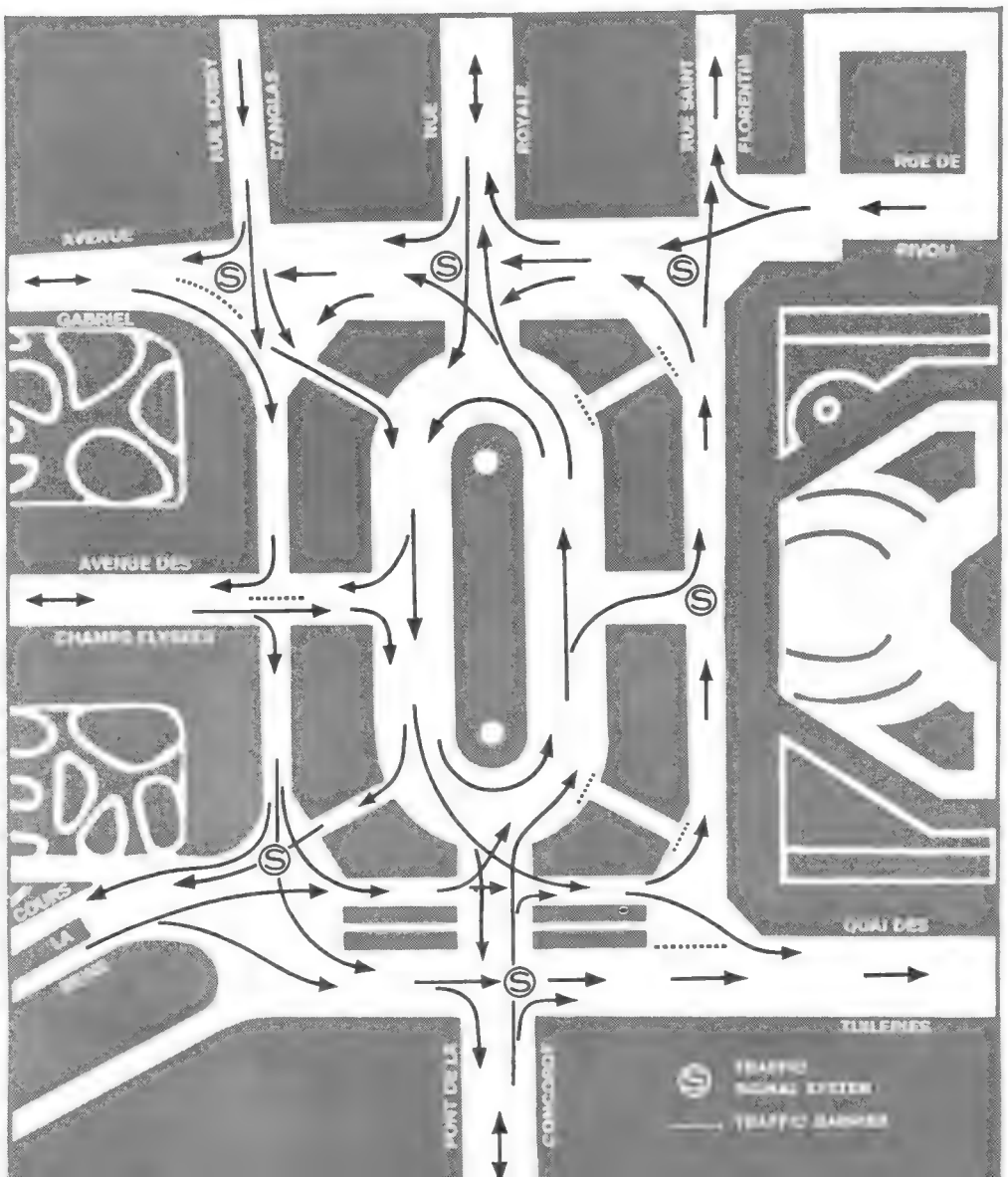
Why some veteran vacationers stay home

SEE NEXT PAGE

Barnes studies Long Island Expressway in New York, which handles 165,000 cars per day.

TRAFFIC:

Major bottleneck in Paris is the Place de la Concorde (*picture, above*). Every day 70,000 cars pour into this square from nine streets. How to keep cars moving through this square? In essence, as the arrows on this chart show, Barnes would continue all traffic in a counterclockwise circle (*chart, right*). In addition he would place barriers in strategic spots, for example at the corner of Champs-Élysées where traffic now goes in four different directions, and at two bypasses (*right side of chart*), where traffic now ducks from inner lanes into outer lanes. Traffic would be directed into outer circle for some exits, to inner circle for others. Electronically controlled traffic signals would be placed at important corners. Barnes would eliminate all parking in the square. Additional signals would be used for pedestrian protection as well but these, too, could be coordinated with the vehicular flow.



Many a vacationer has toured the lovely countryside and picturesque castles, the treasure-filled museums and gourmet restaurants of Europe—and has then sworn never to leave home again. The reason, increasingly each year, is the automobile. Europe's traffic threatens soon to become one gigantic Continent-wide jam like the one shown at Paris' Arc de Triomphe (*previous page*) or the one in the Place de la Concorde (*above*). The Continent's increasing prosperity has meant an unprecedented increase in autos on the streets and highways, to the point that touring Europe by car has become an exhausting and dangerous experience. In a recent poll in Germany, for example, 42% of the vacationers questioned said that they planned to stay home next year, because the traffic was too much for them.

This, in essence, is a problem that has confronted vacationers in America for many years. And although traffic is still a major problem in the U.S., many experts have done a great deal—and have made

AN EXPERT'S PROPOSALS

some difficult adjustments—to alleviate it. One of the most successful experts is New York City Traffic Commissioner Henry Barnes (*top left*), who has managed to keep the automobile from suffocating his city and who has also studied traffic in most of the world's major cities. Accordingly, LIFE International asked Mr. Barnes for his views on how to improve traffic congestion in Europe. Some of his answers are summarized on these pages.

In his studies of European traffic, Commissioner Barnes found Paris just about the worst of all, and the Place de la Concorde (*above*) the worst in Paris. Traffic confusion in Paris is confounded by not enough traffic lights, by Parisians who pay no attention to what few rules there are, and the authorities' refusal to face modern realities. Parking is a striking example: "To a Parisian," says Barnes, "any open space is a parking space. They park along the banks of the Seine, they are ruining the Tuilleries Gardens by parking, they park on the sidewalks of the Champs Élysées. Traffic flow could be improved probably by as much as 60% just by eliminating unmetered parking and parking in improper places and by enforcing the law. But, far from doing this, the legislature has voted down a law providing for parking meters because they would destroy France's character."

Despite the seeming impossibility of making it possible to drive through Paris without being stalled in a huge jam, Barnes believes that "there is nothing wrong with Paris traffic that can't be fixed by installing some barriers and some signals, marking streets, crosswalks and lanes, providing offstreet parking and enforcing all the traffic fines." A more ambitious project would involve putting railroads underground, building highway loops over them around the city ("They would improve the appearance of some sections.") and building a highway over the canal on Paris' East Side. For some Barnes's suggestions for improving traffic in other European cities, turn the page.

CONTINUED

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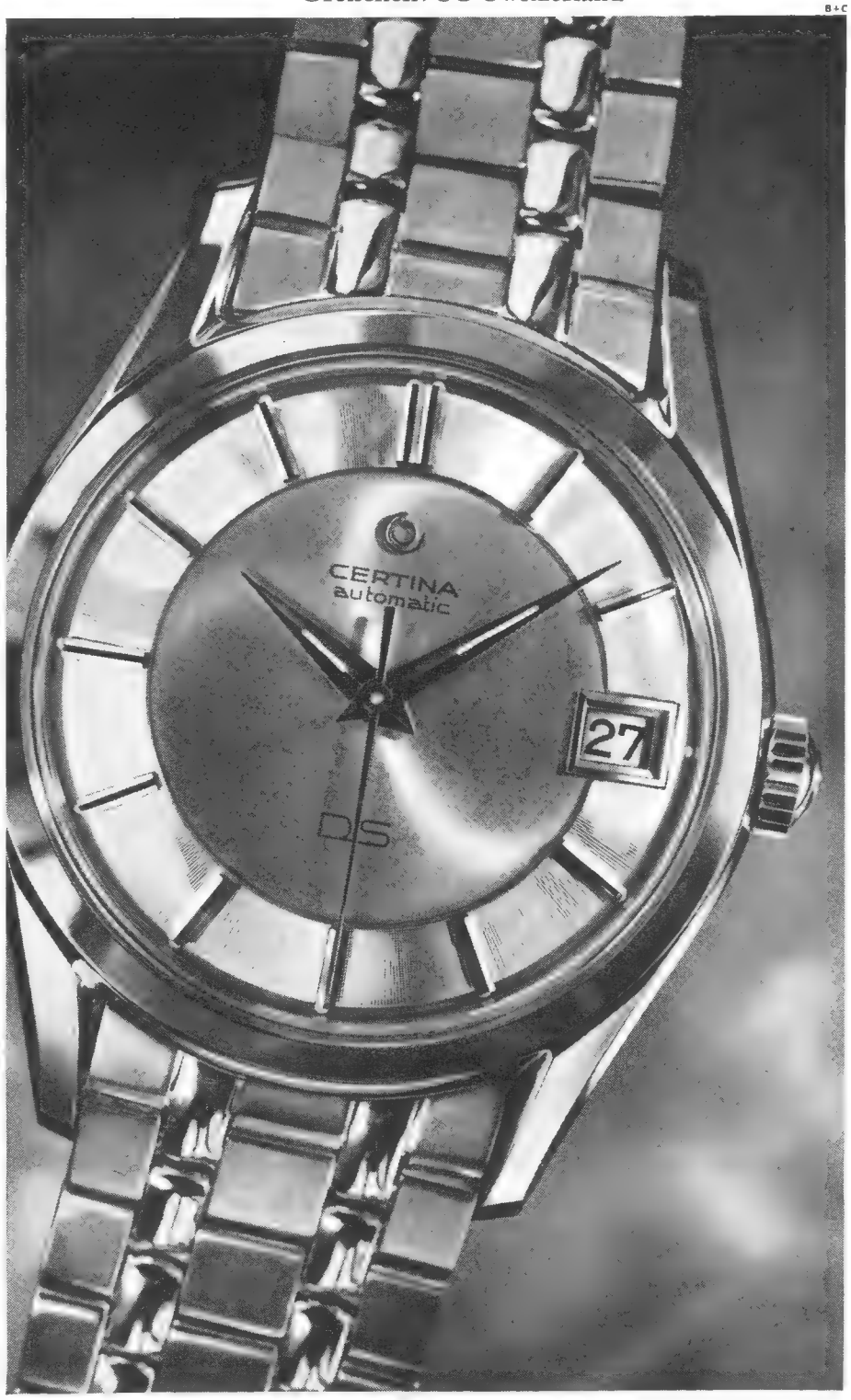


OTHER CITIES, OTHER JAMS

WEST BERLIN

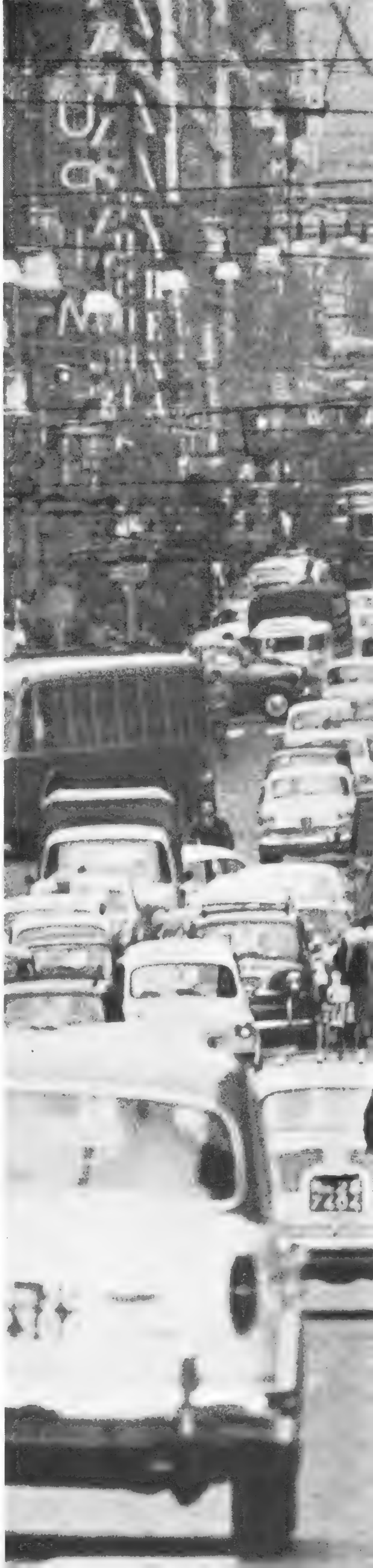
"The war robbed the Germans of any monument mania," says Commissioner Barnes, "and as a result their *Autobahn* system is now the best in the world." But in some of the cities the traffic bottlenecks remain, as at the Brandenburg Gate (*above*).

ROME

"The zest of Rome is seeing if you live through the day," says Barnes after watching Roman drivers (*right*). Only hope for Rome is to build rings of highways around the city, "until the Romans decide whether this is a city or a monument."

LONDON

"London has only 964 traffic lights," says Barnes, "but maybe they don't need more now since traffic has slowed to 11 miles per hour." London also suffers from monument mania, plus "rule by committee," which stalls traffic planning.



England win the tests in Australia

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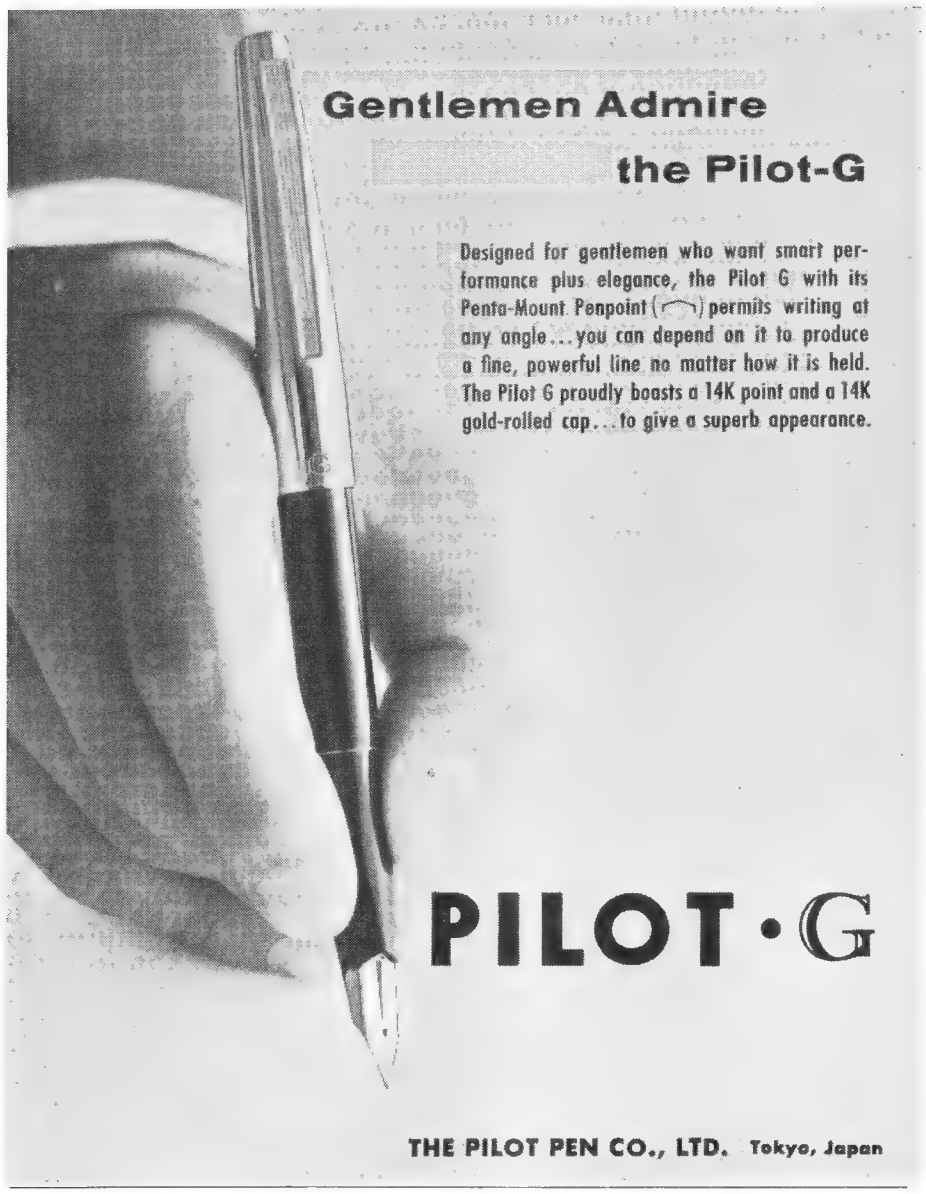

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'AUTOS OR HISTORY— THE CHOICE IS YOURS'

Some general opinions on European traffic by Commissioner Barnes, as told to LIFE International's Eleanor Welch:

▶ It is as obvious for Europeans as it is for Americans that no matter how fast we scramble to build superhighways we can't keep up with the increase of automobiles. So we can only do a better job of directing traffic on the streets and highways we have.

▶ Everybody wants to improve our streets and highways—until somebody finds that the new road cuts across his property or the street-widening means cutting down his tree or tearing down an old wall. Then listen to the arguments that the new road or the wider street really isn't necessary after all.

▶ European traffic experts have a good opportunity to profit from some of America's mistakes, because most European traffic problems are at about the point where they were in America 20 to 25 years ago. New York's Grand Central Parkway was built at tremendous expense, with only four lanes which were too narrow anyway. The whole thing is now being redone, at even greater expense, to make it into an eight-lane highway. Once a highway is completed and buildings have gone up alongside it, the job of widening the highway is almost impossible.

▶ You think you have traffic coming in and out of the big European cities? Every day 500,000 cars enter and leave New York City. One fellow told me he ran out of gas on the Long Island Expressway and was pushed along for five miles before he realized it.

▶ Nobody can reduce traffic jams until he faces the fact that the streets are for moving cars, not for parking them. Parking is all right on side streets, but when a main street is needed for keeping the traffic flowing, parking must be eliminated.

Parking lots aren't as expensive as they sound, if you use parking meters or other methods of making them pay for themselves. Wider streets, to allow for parking, cost a lot more than off-street facilities.

▶ One of the cheapest tools for improving traffic is paint. Use it liberally, to show the driver where to drive, turn and stop. Another cheap and effective method is designating one-way streets in the right places. But the most effective traffic regulator, short of new construction, is a good traffic signal system.

▶ Don't think I don't sympathize with those who bemoan the impact of automobile traffic on our cities. I bow to nobody in wishing that we had fewer cars to cope with. But the fact is that the automobile, which has made the progress of our civilization possible, is here to stay, and its numbers are increasing all the time. You simply have to make the hard choice between the automobile, with all its disadvantages as well as its advantages, and history. If widening streets and building new roads is too high a price to be paid, you will have to live with traffic jams. Sometimes upper level expressways, over or around a city, can preserve the city as it was and relieve some of the automotive congestion. But in the last analysis, you must either settle for modernization of parts of your cities—or give up that car you have parked on the street in front of your apartment. The choice is yours.

at every port of call

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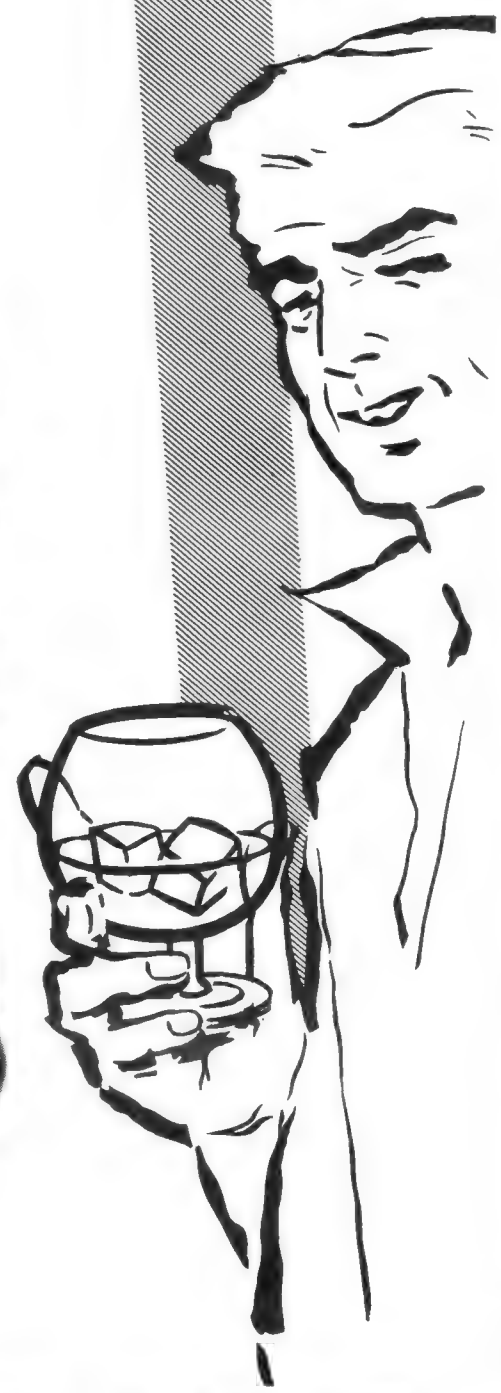

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plain facts for men-about-Europe

BEA

Fact number one: Europe has become a Comet continent. This Summer BEA has doubled its Comet 4B jet flights serving 34 cities in Europe and the Middle East—cutting some journey times by over an hour! Fact number two: BEA is the leading airline within Europe. So it can offer you extra travel advantages. For example, flying BEA via London gives you the 'plus' of looking in on a unique business and holiday metropolis; and from London swift BEA onward routes radiate throughout Europe from Scandinavia to North Africa. In the Eastern Mediterranean, too, centres such as Athens, Rome, Istanbul are only a short Comet flight apart. All in all, BEA links over 75 European and Middle Eastern centres with London. Ask your appointed travel agent.

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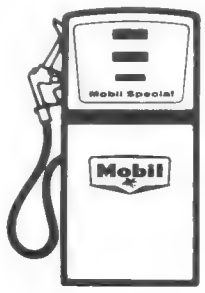

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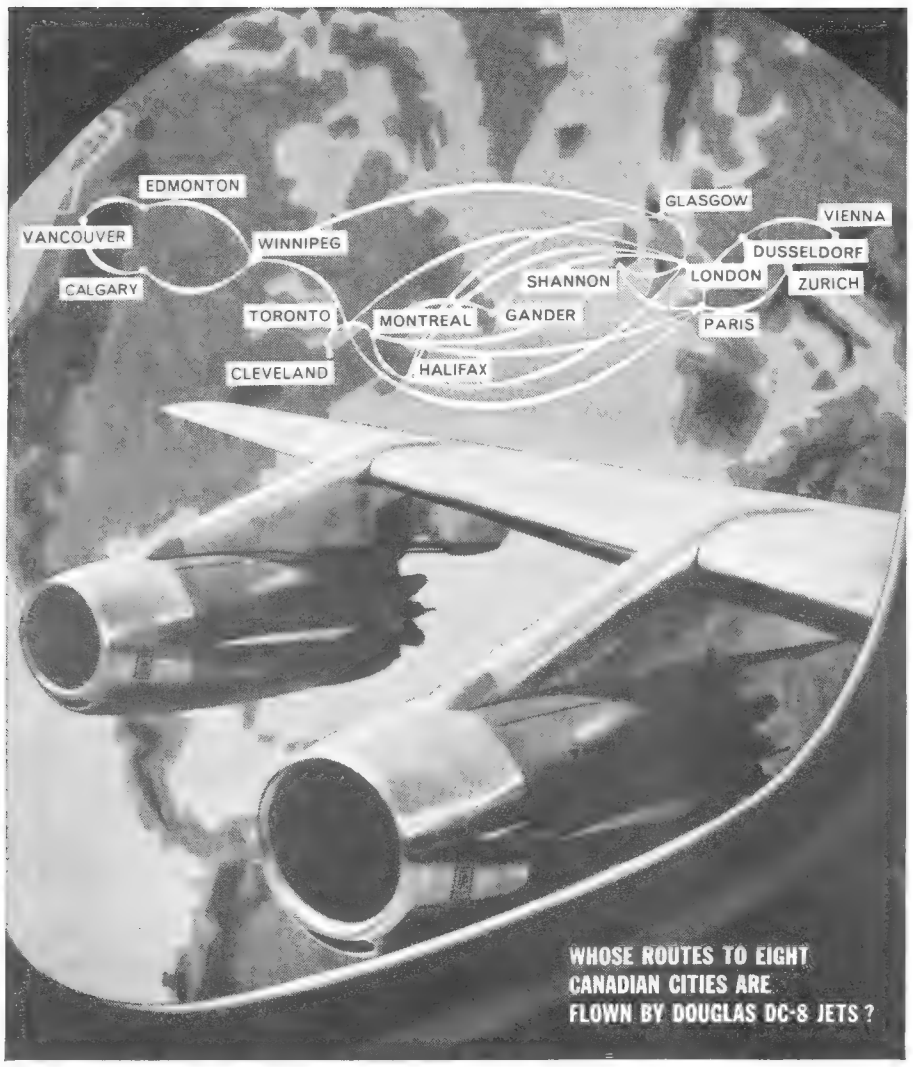

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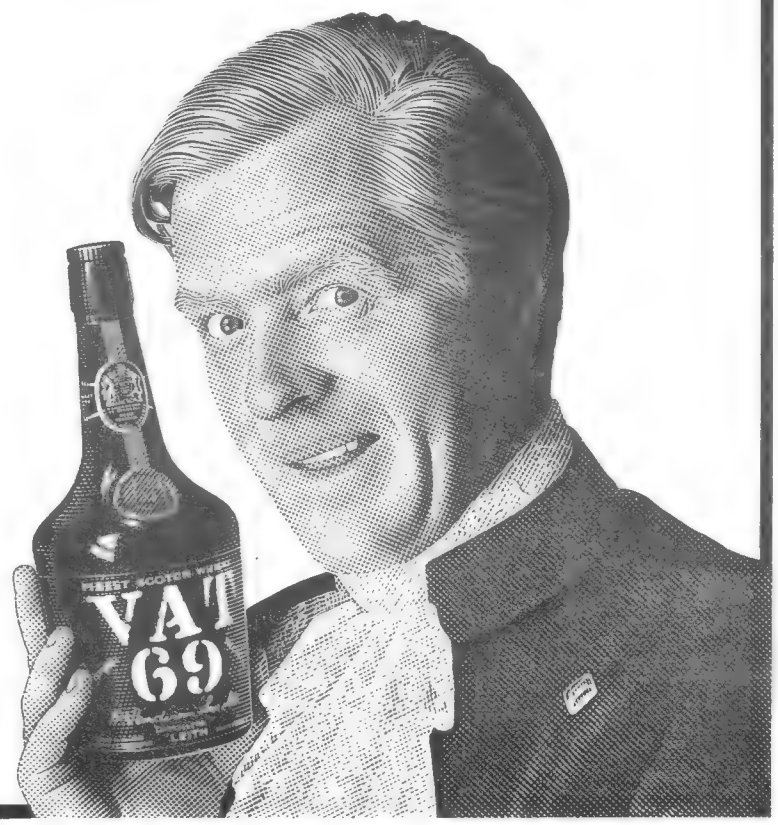

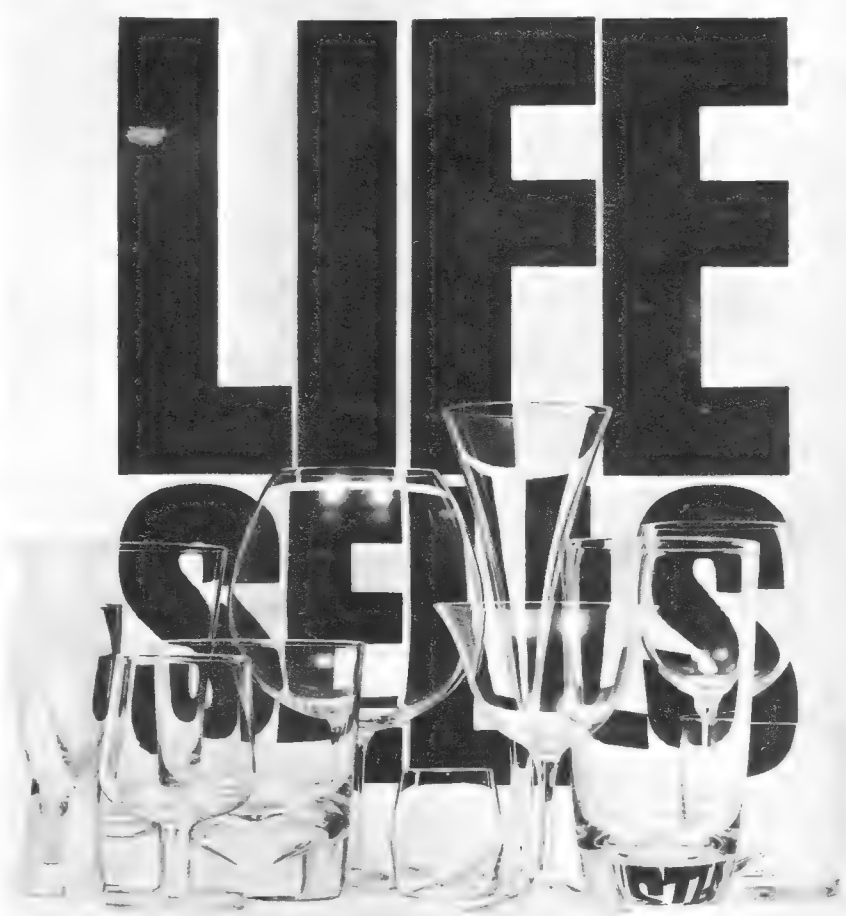

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A portable, complete music system . . . Stereo Tapecorder 500

SONY introduces the portable Stereo Tapecorder 500, a complete music system that does 4-track stereophonic and monophonic recording and playback, as well as mix recording. This precision recorder—professional in both features and appearance—opens up an exciting new world of 'living' high fidelity sound. Integrated into the lid are 2 studio quality, full-range infinite baffle speaker systems that you can separate and place up to 15 feet apart for optimum stereo effect. A dependable beltless mechanism permits operation in either vertical or horizontal position.

Besides sound-on-sound recording, the Stereo Tapecorder 500 features such extras as 2 volume-unit meters for extremely accurate recording and playback level indication, tape lifters, pause control, automatic shut-off switch, and built-in microphone/auxiliary mixing facilities. Its tape counter and instant stop permit accurate manual cueing. This is by far the most outstanding portable stereophonic tape recorder value on the market today. See it—complete with 2 SONY F-87 cardioid dynamic microphones—at your nearest SONY dealer.

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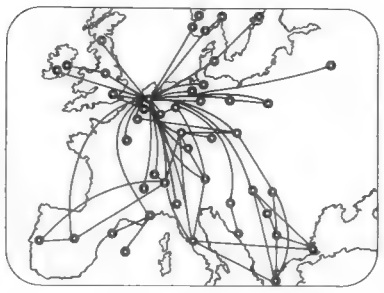
STEREO TAPECORDER 500

HERE'S WHY RELIABLE KLM IN EUROPE IS YOUR BEST BET!

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines has been flying **longer** than any other airline; the first scheduled air service in the world was a KLM Amsterdam-London flight back in 1920. KLM's European network now covers 44 major cities - probably more places than you'll ever want to visit. When travelling in, or around Europe, it's a good idea to stay with one airline; less complicated, more convenient. Since the Dutch have been flying longer around Europe, many experienced travellers believe KLM knows it best. Here's more about KLM and the Dutch.

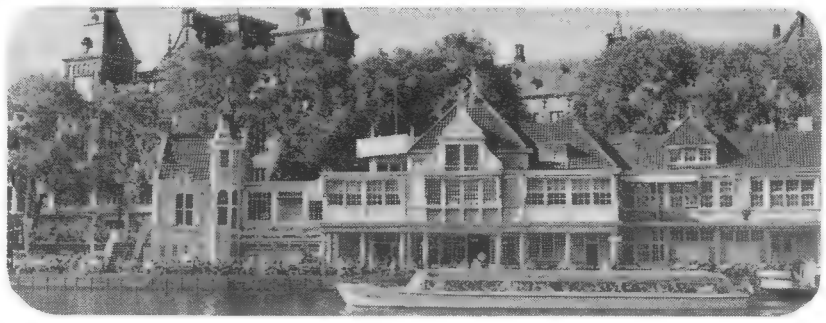


KLM is the only airline flying jet-powered Electra IIs in Europe. KLM chose these planes for three main reasons; speed, comfort and reliability. An excellent choice. KLM's Electra IIs have become amazingly popular with both passengers and flight crews. Passengers are often surprised to find that the Electra cabin is actually *wider* than those of many intercontinental jetliners.

Make the most of KLM's Multi-Stopover Plan. This way, you can see many additional cities, some not on your direct route for no more air fare. For example, if you are flying from Tokyo to Amsterdam, you can see *fourteen* other European cities for no extra airfare. Similar combinations work from most destinations outside of Europe. Ask KLM or your travel agent to work out a routing for you. You may find that a KLM roundtrip ticket will take you to most of the holiday resorts you have in mind.

Amsterdam is a convenient starting point for a European tour. Easy to get to, and come from. KLM serves Europe and flies DC-8 jets all over the world from Amsterdam. KLM can arrange for you to rent a car in Amsterdam - or any other city KLM flies to in Europe; rates are lower in Holland, though. Another thrifty note, Amsterdam has the lowest cost of living of any major European city.

Any stranger in town is always welcome to ask advice from a KLM office. The Dutch are friendly, hospitable people and you'll find that KLM offices all over Europe are extremely helpful; whether you're a passenger or not, by the way. There is a variety of special KLM tours and guides to all European cities and your travel agent will be glad to show you how KLM can help you make the most of your trip.



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LI 5

HOW TO LIVE LIKE A KING IN A CASTLE

Adapted from TIME

Every man's home is his castle, but rare is the man today who can afford —or would want—a castle as home. Castles tend to be drafty, and too often the bathrooms hide distantly in haunted corridors. In recent years, however, some of Europe's most imposing old castles—as well as châteaux and even monasteries—have been converted into hotels with facilities and prices that make it possible for the knowledgeable tourist to live like a king without being one; and a few days or a fortnight as a guest in a one-time seat of royalty can be memorable as an experience, unsurpassable as cocktail party chit-chat—and thoroughly comfortable in the bargain.

As a guide to travelers who cherish history above hot spots, here is a sampling of distinguished, non-Hiltonian but noble hostelries.

England

GREAT FOSTERS, near Windsor and Runnymede and only a half an hour from London, is a 16th Century gem believed to have been built by Henry VIII as a hunting lodge; the royal arms and the date 1558 surmount the front door, and early residents included Anne Boleyn, Queen Elizabeth I and King James I. Great Fosters offers beautiful, centuries-old gardens; service by waiters who behave like royal butlers, and opulent accommodations at prices ranging from $10.50 a day (for a single room) to $24 (for a double suite).

Scotland

SUNDRUM CASTLE HOTEL at Coylton, in Ayrshire, five miles from Prestwick, stands in 160 acres of woodland and glen in the heart of Robert Burns country. Dating to 1372, and remodeled in the 18th Century, it boasts an Adam staircase and a priests' hiding hole; guests dine on the very spot where manacled prisoners were thrown to rot while wicked barons feasted in what is now the ballroom. Excellent shooting and fishing. The 24 rooms, four of which have private baths, rent for a minimum of $4.50 per night.

LOCHNAW CASTLE (*above, right*), at Stranraer in Wigtownshire, was built by Sir Andrew Agnew in 1426 and is the perfect example of the fairy-tale castle; set in 90 acres of beechwood on the shores of its own loch, it has a tiny walled courtyard, rounded turrets, and high stone battlements, and, within, a spiral staircase with stone steps well worn by generations of Agnews. Its present owner, Del Agnew, who bought the place back after it had passed from the family's hands, is a decorator who has applied her talents in modernizing the establishment, which offers central heating and a squash court. There are sandy beaches, excellent trout fishing and a golf course nearby. Lochnaw accommodates only 10 guests, in rooms (two with bath) ranging from $47 to $77 per week.

Northern Ireland

BALLGALLY CASTLE, in County Antrim, on the northeast coast of Ulster, is a 17th Century affair which has been modernized to provide central heating, golf and tennis; a trout stream runs through the spacious grounds. Sandy beaches. Rates range from $4.90 to $7.70 for a single room with breakfast.

Ireland (Eire)

BUNRATTY CASTLE, five miles from Shannon Airport, was a medieval stronghold of the O'Briens of Thomond and became the property of Cromwell's son-in-law, General Ireton, after the Protector had battered it into submission. A restaurant rather than a hotel, Bunratty is popular with tourists for the medieval dinners offered by the present owner, Lord Gort. Served by girls in period costumes and entertained by old-style bards, visitors use small daggers and their fingers to eat peacock stew.

France

THE HOTEL DE LA CITÉ is set inside the fortress city of Carcassonne, which was founded by the Romans in the First Century, occupied by the Visigoths and defended against Charlemagne by a redoubtable dame named Carcas before it became a stronghold of Crusaders, the refuge of the Albigensian heretics and the prize of Simon de Montfort. Just 57 miles from Toulouse and easily accessible from the French Riviera and the Spanish Costa Brava, Carcassonne—a beautiful town of stone walls, battlements and conical blue-slate towers—looks out from its eminence on wheatfields, vineyards and the Pyrenees. The hotel is medieval in *décor*, modern in its appointments; its 70 rooms range in price from $6 to $15 a day, including tax, service and breakfast.

THE CHÂTEAU DE MERCUÈS, built in the 11th Century on a 400-foot-high, rocky escarpment that the Romans used as an armed camp, lies 310 miles south of Paris on the main road to Biarritz and Spain and is within easy distance of the prehistoric caves of Lascaux. The château, which derives its name from Castrum Mercurii, the designation of the Roman camp, has 24 rooms (12 with bath) in its conical towers and behind its crenelated, ivy-clad walls; the larger rooms are furnished with 17th Century antiques but occupants of smaller rooms can console themselves with magnificent views. The château has a fine formal garden; guests may swim in nearby pools and fish in a nearby lake. Room rates (without meals) range from $5 to $12 a day, service included.

West Germany

SCHLOSSHOTEL KRONBERG, idyllically sited among magnificent trees in the Taunus Mountains 10 miles from Frankfurt, was built by the Empress Victoria of Germany, Queen of Prussia and Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland, who lived there from 1894 until her death in 1901. In her time, the castle's guests included the Empress' mother, Queen Victoria of Britain; her brother King Edward VII, Czar Nicholas II and Denmark's King Christian IX; the present owners, the Empress' grandsons, still entertain royalty there. Paying guests may enjoy the Empress' art collection, which includes paintings by Titian, or read in the library of the Empress' husband, Frederick III; occupants of one apartment may scrawl their postcards on Frederick's old writing desk. The hotel, which accommodates 60, offers modern baths with every room, an elevator for those too weary to climb the stairs that royalty used and an 18-hole golf course in its extensive park. Rates range from $16 a day to $45.

Austria

SCHLOSS PENSION MATZLEINSDORF, at Melk on the Danube, 45 miles from Vienna, is a bargain for travelers whose limited budgets cannot afford the prices at Aus-

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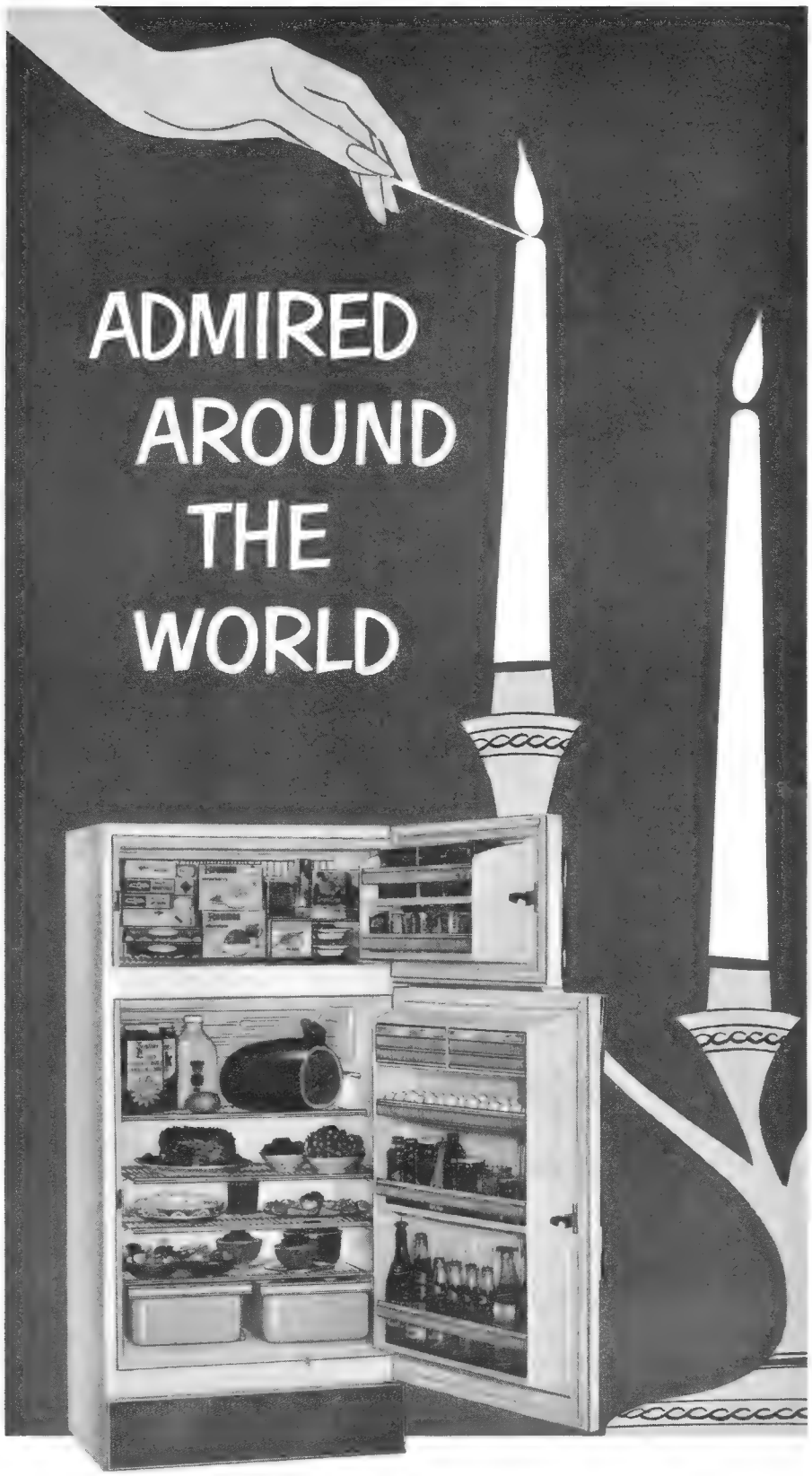
Rising above the dark waters of its loch, the towers and battlements of ancient Lochnaw Castle loom over the edge of a 90-acre forest of beech.



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tria's many more glamorous castle resorts. Dating from 1750, it is operated by the Countess Maria Heussenstamm, whose family built it, and who asks of her guests only good manners and $4 per day for room and board.

Italy

THE TOWER OF CALA PICCOLA is no castle—Italy lacks castle hotels because most castles are museums, homes of the rich or irreparable ruins—but ranks as a highly attractive alternative. Built by the Saracens in the 13th Century for sentry duty at Porto Santo Stefano, 100 miles up the Tyrrhenian coast from Rome, it is still making history: Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton got away from it all there last year. The tower overlooks a quiet cove and, as the brochure puts it, "a magical landscape rich in rocks and salty breezes." Clustered behind the tower, which has been converted into a bar and restaurant, are luxuriously equipped red-roofed cottages, renting at rates that begin at $20 per day per person.

VILLA SAN MICHELE, outside Florence at Fiesole, is also an alternative to castles; a 15th Century Franciscan monastery with a façade, cloister and grand loggia designed by Michelangelo, it has been converted into a hotel with private bath and telephone in every cell, some of them adorned with lovely frescos by Renaissance artists. Recent guests include Prince Albert and Princess Paola of Belgium, and Brigitte Bardot and Roger Vadim. Approximate rates range from $17 to $20 per day with full pension, $3 less for half pension.

HOTEL SAN DOMENICO, at Taormina in Sicily, similarly was once a monastery, belonging to the Dominicans. It boasts a view of Mt. Etna and 14th Century construction and furnishings. Greta Garbo used to be a frequent guest. Rates range from $13.50 to $16 a day for full pension.

VILLA BORROMEO, at San Casciano Val di Pesa about 12 miles from Florence in the Chianti country, is a restaurant rather than a hotel, but its cuisine and its historic associations have attracted such guests as the king and queen of Belgium and the kings of Greece and Morocco. The villa, built on the ruins of a castle, belonged to the famous Borromeo family, and Pope Pius VII, whom Napoleon made prisoner, spent happy days there. The restaurant occupies the villa's old stables, is beautifully done in old Florentine style and is set among terraces and gardens. There is a museum dedicated to old methods of wine-making, and there is a wading pool for children. Dinner, which offers more than 50 items of antipasto, is at the fixed price of $4.80 per person, wines (106 varieties) extra.

Spain

PARADOR NACIONAL DE OROPESA, a government-run hotel in a 13th Century castle that once belonged (in 1303) to the Infante Don Juan, is the best of its kind in Spain. It stands 100 miles from Madrid, just off the Estremadura road to Portugal, and is so popular that stays are limited to two or three days. Room (without bath) and three meals, $4.50 per person; with bath, $5.50.

Afternoon tea for paying guests is laid out in the Schlosshotel Kronberg, in a room richly decorated with art treasures and antiques.

CONTINUED

Parnelli Jones wins the 1963 running of the internationally famous "Indianapolis 500" at a record speed of 143.137 mph—with silvery-plated Champion spark plugs!

Leading race drivers the world over make Champion spark plugs their first choice because Champions deliver outstanding performance. Why settle for less in your car? Always specify Champions.

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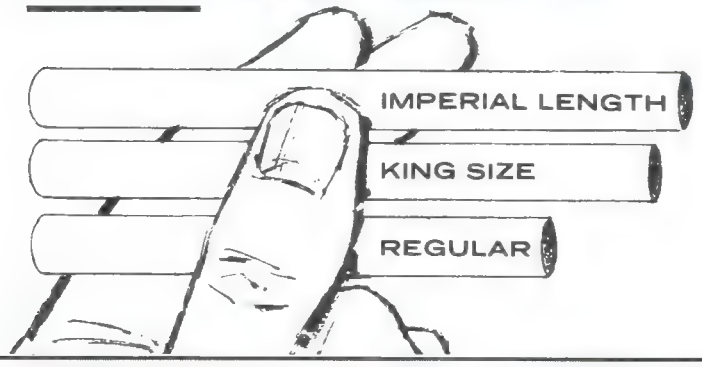

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A CASTLE WITH QUITE A PAST

One of Europe's most picturesque castles does not take overnight guests but does attract nearly 400,000 tourists a year. Neuschwanstein (*right and on cover*) seems aloof atop its rocky Bavarian foothill. To reach its gray limestone turrets one must hike for a mile through woods surrounding the primeval Pollät gorge. Souvenir stands are so discreetly concealed that many tourists never find them. Yet visitors flock to pay 2DM apiece to tour the "fairy-tale" castle, and Neuschwanstein has become the center of a bustling little complex of year-round resorts.

Foreign tourists are attracted mainly by the photogenic castle's well-publicized romantic-medieval aura. But to Germans, especially the local peasants who visit again and again, Neuschwanstein is the concrete incarnation of the strange man who built it, King Ludwig II of Bavaria. In 77 years since his death, the "Mad King" has become a folk hero, a cultural giant, and a Bavarian nationalist of legendary proportion.

Ludwig's latter-day followers seem cheerfully oblivious to the fact that such a cult would have horrified its object, a recluse who built his castles largely to escape the public eye. Indeed, the man behind all the adulation was both far less heroic and far more intriguing than his hero-worshippers will admit.

Ludwig found himself in an age with which he had no bond and in a role for which he had no talent. Thrust at 18 onto an already shaky Bavarian throne, he was artistic, effete, fond of solitude but ruled by an "unusually marked sense of royal prerogative" which often triggered a violent temper. Madness ran in the family line, and the young monarch soon exhibited hereditary predilections toward mystical fantasies and baseless fears. But it took two brutal rebuffs from his counselors to drive him to build Neuschwanstein.

Ironically, Ludwig's patriotism —his one common interest with his cabinet—provoked his first real frustration. Goaded by advisers into a futile war against Bismarck's mighty Prussian army in 1866, Ludwig watched Bavaria's strength ebb, and was forced in 1871 to surrender his last real autonomy by offering the imperial crown to a distant cousin, King Wilhelm I of Prussia.

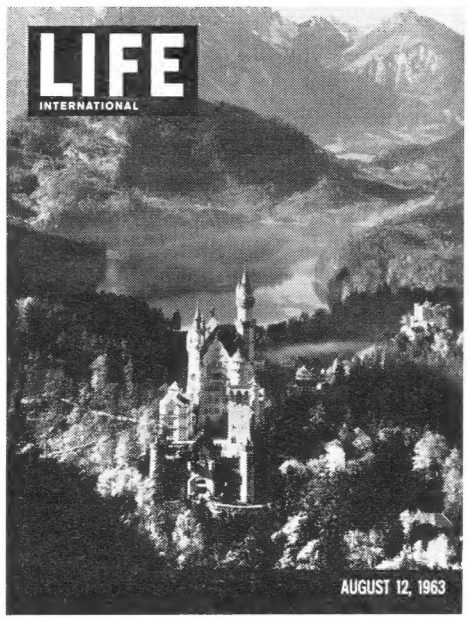
Ludwig turned to his real love, the arts. Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin* had enraptured him at 15; at 18 he had paid the harried composer's debts and bought him a spacious Bavarian villa. Now Ludwig drained the treasury to support Wagner as the composer wrote marches for the King's parades, and Ludwig planned magnificent theaters for his favorite's works.

The King's hardheaded counselors disliked Wagnerian romanticism and chafed at the cost of Ludwig's generous patronage. More than that, they were genuinely worried about the Utopian political theories that Wagner was urging on the impressionable Ludwig. Gradually they forced a separation. By the mid-1870s Ludwig was resorting to frenzied midnight rides in a gilded coach to reach his idol unnoticed by the guards assigned to him. As the patronage shrank, Wagner himself began to shun the King. The Bavarian cabinet members sighed with relief.

Their relief was naively premature. With neither Wagner nor the duties of state to occupy his mind, Ludwig became less predictable and more morose. This his advisers expected. What they did *not* expect was the sudden frenzied gush of the King's tremendous energies into an unbelievable series of buildings.

Ludwig had always hated the smelly breweries and political wars of Munich, much preferring the wilderness and the ornate, flow-

In full regalia, Ludwig II appeared as romantic as his castle.



Neuschwanstein towers above the family's smaller Schloss Hohenschwangau (*right*).

ery architecture of the countryside. Suddenly the best artists and architects in Germany were designing castles for him. Though he built mainly on the northern edge of the Alps, the sight of his carriage careening toward a project anywhere in Bavaria became commonplace. A florid imitation of a French rococo chateau rose incongruously in lonely mountain scenery near Oberammergau. An elaborately useless parody of Versailles appeared on an uninhabited island in the Chiemsee. But the focus of Ludwig's attention always was Neuschwanstein.

Begun in 1868 near an old family castle in the little village of Hohenschwangau, Neuschwanstein was originally to have been a copy of the medieval Wartburg, near Eisenach, whose famous Minstrels' Hall Ludwig admired as a stage for Wagner. Plans were all late Gothic, ornate and dark; had they remained so, the castle would today be a masterpiece of romantic historical imitation.

But as Ludwig withdrew from society, he became fanatically religious, concentrating his mysticism on the legend of the Holy Grail that had first intrigued him in Wagner's operas. Gradually his plans for the castle changed; the convolutions of Goth'c interiors gave way to the early Christian Romanesque style which dominates the structure today. Gargoyles and winding parapets became simple spires. And by 1880 what was originally to have been a throne room had become a gilded, Byzantine-styled chapel.

By 1886 the castle stood largely as it stands today, the mottled product of a muddled mind. Eighteen years of building had sapped Ludwig's energy and addled his thoughts until he lived in a half-real world where often the only solidity was his castles. The peasants near Neuschwanstein loved his bizarre displays, and watched to see his carriage go racing by. But the cabinet, at first tolerant of the buildings as harmless diversions, finally balked at the mounting expense.

On June 8, the cabinet moved decisively. Ludwig was declared insane and placed under restraint. The officers assigned to the unhappy duty arrived at Neuschwanstein to arrest him. Seeing them come in the front entrance, Ludwig went out a back door, and was then tripped up by his own ingenuity. With the first telephone ever installed in Bavaria—rigged by Ludwig in his castle—the officers called the gatehouse and ordered the guards to stop the King.

Ludwig was put under arrest in a château on Lake Starnberg. His younger brother Prince Otto should have succeeded him; but Otto was even more addled than Ludwig. So Ludwig's uncle, Prince Luitpold, was made regent "temporarily." And five days after his arrest Ludwig II was found drowned in the lake. The mystery of his drowning has never been solved.

Today the peasants who work the land below Neuschwanstein need no prompting to tell a tourist that Ludwig's ghost still lives in the castle, high up in one of the unvisited towers. Sometimes, they swear, they see him ride out at night in his gold coach, his long hair flying and his horses snorting, a fitting companion to a castle that still appears more romantic than real.

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IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF LIFE INTERNATIONAL

Great Whale's Great Leaps

A sight that few men ever have seen, the sportive leap of the 30-ton, 50-foot humpback whale (*above*) is as mysterious as it is graceful. Science has yet to learn the significance of the acrobatics in which these monstrous creatures indulge when they gather each year, though some scientists believe the performance is related to the beasts' courtship. LIFE Photographer John Dominis has recorded the phenomenon and LIFE International will present nine pages of his unprecedented color photographs.

ALSO IN THE NEXT ISSUE:

THE HUMAN BODY, PART IV
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